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Novissima Verba

(In memory of Francis Thompson)

By F. V. Branford

". . . . in all too late and frozen a day
I come in rearward of the throats of song,
Unto the deaf sense of an aged year,
Singing with doom upon me."—(*Anthem of Earth.*)

Here laurel falls, here droops the high and holy
Palm, on so much sorrow and so much song;
Here's lotus bloom and secret root of moly
That to the wan well of thy wile belong:
The years are grown with grief, yet round thy tomb
Strange shapes that scarred thy soul are standing still;—
The lords of light beside the gods of gloom
Bear cypress casks wherein are leaves of Ygdrasil.

For through thy heart the Zenith and the Nadir
Ran warrants hourly, down thy darkling blood
Where one deep to the other called and swayed her
In restless change that might not be withstood;
Thy spirit was that Ash of Life whose trunk
Wide over heaven spread his fiery boughs
Charged with tempest, while his trifid root sunk
Past the nine steep portals of Hella's lightless house.

I am thrall and thane of the stark primæval forces,
Like those wild minstrels of the Asgard horde
Who held the winds and the hiltless watercourses
Till the storm came from the scabbard like a sword;—
Not unto them the head of Heaven leaned,
But hard upon the sun's heel and the moon's
Flapped the vast shadow of a formless fiend
Wherein they stood eclipsed, and grimly grasped their runes.

But thou, thy hand upon the neck of thunder,
And wreathed in the tossing mane of meteorites,
To rest gods' ground down on Earth's head, and stunned
her
With thy tons reft from the Empyrean Heights;
Yet would I for mine honour and this hour's
Or ever Night shut up in her dark lamp
My gusty torch, pluck thee those iron flowers
That blow but where the deathless hounds of ruin ramp.

The hounds of ruin made *thy* life their mission,
For thee Jove donned his awful mail of sky,
Thou art the voice of that doom-dealing vision,
Thou art the riven road of wolves in cry;
Delphic priests devote and dedicate
Pursued the god, but thy god followed thee
With love, and lash, and hunger like a hate
And the bitter pains that deck with dew thy poetry.

Bound arm that wore the chains like wings of freedom!
Parched tongue that lolled upon the star-hung vine!
Cracked lips whom Night hath laved now, and left thee
dumb
Slaking thy lean thirst with unhonied wine!
Now in the spring the sacred wood grows bare,
And at daybreak the Nine put darkness on
Because no more about the dim deaf air
In flame and music round, thy streaming bood is blown.

How can cold Earth in her dank dungeon prison
Thy heart, the deep loud organ of thy soul
Who had put on ethereal condition
In those mild regions that enaureole,
Before their mortal change, the saints of song?
Death had not any secret thing to say
To her who, dying hourly all life long,
Made of our day her dark, and of our dark her day.

Cold Earth cannot in her dank dungeon straiten
Thy heart, the great burst organ of thy soul,
Though she disdainful flung it down for Satan
To wreck with rot it baffled his control;

For like a sea-king, whom his empire flings
Hither and thither about his burial place,
Thou liest in the centre of all things—
Thy tomb the whole wide world that walks about in space.

More radiant moons are floating by than any
That queened the skies before their slender wings
Touched thy deft wand; Apollo, from the rainy
Hyades soaring, handles mightier springs
Of fire and harmony; while Nature clad
In raiment sacerdotal from thy loom
Assumes a prouder port since when she had
Intrusted unto her the dear care of that tomb.

But we were old; nor all thy blood could quicken
Our veins too long at ease in fatal ice
Where, of false age, the flexile vessels thicken
That lead the rich red milk of Paradise;
Though both thy full hands unwithdrawing cast
Seeds on the wayside for the birds to break,
Though, sparing of thy spirit not, thou hast
Thrown down thy life for any man who will to take.

Though he who will may know thee, where thou starvest
A friendless wanderer yet, through frenzied lands
That lift the grim manes of their scarlet harvest
Like serpents writhing in our palsied hands;
Thou art that image immemorial
Of old forgotten pain, and unborn woe,
The prophet stoned;—the beggar in the hall
Rejected for the rags that cloak the god below.

Thou didst foresee, as many the mitred pagans
Who scourged the cowering States with Christian rods
Saw, scattered anarchs under Thors and Dagons
Banded to empires and their massive gods
With clash of sceptres yet, while tilth and town
Weltered in one smoking ocean
Whose roar was up, what time the sun went down
On a flood of ruin that was once the home of Man.

Canst thou look down in pity and with pardon,
Scion in ancient line of saints and seers,
From the deep bower of some aërial garden
Held tenantless for thee by thy great peers
Against thy coming home, canst thou look down
Upon thy word's fulfilment, where our lead-
Lashed valley whitens into Acheron?
Canst thou do any ease in song unto our dead?

Thou wert not of our breath nor of our being,
Thy tongue not taught our speech, nor ever were thine
Eyes set to any range within our seeing;
But a cymar of crystal hyaline
Mantled thy might, like those enronduring globes,
Storied in gold verse, that held the most high
Spirits arrayed in their auroral robes
And clad them as with cloud from mortal scutiny.

For when the steep and single Beam his trinal
Ray shoots brightening here in sound and flame
Through finite forms that wither in the final
Truth, Rarity and Beauty they proclaim,
Then, jealous of Himself, the Sacred Fire,
Not lavish of the immortalising light,
Himself unto Himself from his own pyre
Draws fairly in proud secret splendour home to Height.

Saint of High Song, of Him thou dost inherit
Whom Height assumed from cross as thee from curse,—
In storm of death the straight White Star of Spirit
Who touched the wheeling wings of thy vast verse;
For all thy dying ways wend whither went He
When Beauty walked across the world's dim floor
Along the lanes of lack to lands of plenty
Beside the singing Streams of Life in Elenore.

And oh, that magical and starry measure
Wherein, dilated to a dome of power,
Thy soul bade Him deliver to thy pleasure
His bodiless bride to be thy paramour!

And when the black Sun his mystic ocean wounds,
And ghostly tongues that talk on wildernesses
Make monumental silence of all sounds
Thy phantom hand is groping for her phantom tresses.

But who am I to brave that dread dominion
In zones our faint songs fear and fail to soar,
Uranian Eagle, towering on a pinion
Serener than the Swan of Avon bore?
I do but dare to touch thy tomb as one
Of those sad heathen priests in Asian night
Who made audacious offering to the sun
Of fire and fruit with faltering hand and veilèd sight.

Virtue

By John Galsworthy

HAROLD MELLESH, minor clerk in an Accident Assurance Society, having occasion to be present at a certain Police Court to give evidence in the matter of a smashed car, stood riveted by manifestations of the law entirely new to him. His eyes, blue and rather like the eyes of a baby, were opened very widely, his ingenuous forehead wrinkled; his curly hair moved on his scalp, his fists involuntarily clenched his straw hat. He had seen four ladies of the town dealt with—three " jugged," and one fined, before his sensations reached their climax. Perhaps she was prettier than the others, certainly younger, and she was crying.

" First time you've been here—two pounds, and ten shillings costs."

" But I haven't any money, sir."

" Very well—fourteen days."

Tears streaking the remains of powder—a queer little sound, and the sensations within young Mellesh simmered like a kettle coming to the boil. He touched a blue sleeve in front of him.

" Here," he said, " I'll pay her fine."

He felt the glance of the policeman run over him like a chilly insect.

" Friend of yours? "

" No."

" I shouldn't. She'll be here again within the month."

The girl was passing, he saw the swallowing movement of her throat and said with desperation:

" I don't care. I'll pay it."

The blue man's glance crept about him clammily.

" Come with me, then."

Young Mellesh followed him out.

" Here," said his policeman to the one in charge of the girl, " this gentleman'll pay the fine."

Conscious of a confusion of glances, of his own cheeks reddening furiously, young Mellesh brought out his money —he had just two pounds fifteen—and in handing over the two pounds ten, thought: 'My hat! What would Alice say?'

He heard the girl gasp out: "Ow! Thank you!" his policeman muttering: "Waste o' money! Still, it was a kind action. Good-morning!" and passed out into the street. Now that his feelings had given off that two pound ten's worth of steam he felt chilly and dazed, as if virtue had gone out of him. A voice behind him said:

"Thank you ever so much—it *was* kind of you."

Raising his straw hat he stood uncomfortably, to let her pass.

She pushed a card into his hand. "Any time you're passing I'll be glad to see you; I'm very grateful."

"Not at all," he stammered, and with a smile, confused like her own, turned off towards his office.

All the rest of the day, among his accidents, he felt uncertain. Sometimes he wondered if he had been a fool, and sometimes if he had been a hero; sometimes he thought: 'What brutes they are to those girls!' and sometimes: 'Don't know; suppose they must do something about it.' And he avoided considering how to explain the absence of two pounds ten shillings on which Alice had been reckoning. His soul was simple like the expression on his face.

He reached home at the usual hour of six-thirty. His home was grey and small and had a little bit of green up Chalk Farm way, where the Tube made things possible.

His wife, who had just put their baby daughter to bed, was sitting in the parlour darning his socks. She looked up, and he noticed that her forehead was rather like a knee.

"You wear your socks properly, Harold," she said; "it's all I can do to mend this pair." Her eyes were china-blue, round like saucers, and her voice had the monotony of one brought up to minimise emotion. She had been a farmer's daughter, and young Mellesh had become engaged to her during a holiday in Somerset. Pale enough himself, from office and the heat, he thought how pale she looked.

"The heat's dreadful, isn't it?" she said. "Some-

times I wish we'd never had baby. It does tie you in the evenings. I *am* looking forward to Whitsuntide, that I am."

Young Mellesh, tall and straggly, bent over and gave her forehead a kiss. How on earth was he going to let her know that he had " blewed " their holiday money? He suddenly realised that he had done an awful thing. But perhaps—yes, surely she would understand how he couldn't sit and see that girl " jugged " before his eyes for want of it! Not until the end of their small supper, however, did he say abruptly:

" I got quite upset this morning. Had to go down to the Police Court about that car smash I told you of, and afterwards I saw them run in a lot of those Piccadilly girls. It fair sickened me to see the way they treat them."

His wife looked up; her face was childlike.

" Why, what do they do to them? "

" Quod them for speakin' to men in the street."

" I s'pose they're up to no good."

A little irritated by the matter-of-factness in her voice, he went on:

" They speak to 'em as if they were dirt."

" Well, aren't they? "

" They may be a loose lot, but so are men."

" Men wouldn't be so loose if they weren't there."

" I suppose it's what you call a vicious circle." Pleased with his play on words, he added: " One or two of them were pretty."

His wife smiled; her smile had a natural teasing quality.

" They treat *them* better, I suppose? "

It struck him as cynical, and he blurted out:

" One, quite young, had never been there before; they gave her a fortnight because she hadn't any money. I couldn't stick it; I paid her fine."

There was sweat on his forehead. His wife had become very pink.

" You paid? How much? "

He was on the point of saying, " Ten shillings." But something in his soul revolted; he answered glumly: " Regular pill—two pound ten "; and thought: ' Oh, what a fool I am! '

But he wished Alice wouldn't open her mouth like that, when nothing came out—made her look silly! Her face puckered suddenly, then became quite blank; he was moved as if he had hit or pinched her.

"Awfully sorry, Alice," he muttered. "I didn't mean to—she—she cried."

"Course she cried. You fool, Harold!"

He got up from the table, very much disturbed.

"Well, what would *you* have done?"

"Me? Let her stew in her own juice, of course. It wasn't your affair."

She, too, had risen. He thrust his fingers through his hair. The girl's face, tear-streaked, confusedly pretty, suddenly came up; her soft, common, grateful voice tickled his ears again. His wife had turned her back. He was in for a fit of sulks. Well! no doubt he had deserved it.

"I daresay I *was* a fool, but I thought you'd have understood how I felt when I saw her cry. Supposing it had been you!" From the toss of her head he knew that he had said something pretty fatal.

"Oh! So that's what you think of me!"

"Of course I don't, Alice; don't be so silly!"

He grasped her shoulder, but she shook off the touch.

"Whose money was it? Now baby and me'll get no holiday. And all because you see a slut crying."

Before he could answer she was gone. He had an awful sense of having outraged justice. Given away her holiday—given his wife's holiday to a girl of the streets! Still, it was his own holiday too; besides, he earned the money! He hadn't wanted to give it to the girl; hadn't got anything for it! Suppose he'd put it into the offertory bag, would Alice have been in such a temper even if it was their holiday? He didn't see much difference. He sat down with his knees apart, his elbows planted on them, staring at the peonies on the Brussels carpet, paid for on the hire system. And all those feelings that rise in people who live together when they don't agree swirled in his curly head and troubled his eyes, candid like a baby's. Could he have helped resenting their treating the wretched girls like dirt? Could he help her crying—she hadn't meant to cry; he could tell that by the sound of it. And who was the magistrate, who was any man, to treat her like that? Alice

oughtn't—— No! But suddenly he saw Alice again bending over his socks, pale and tired with the heat—doing things for him or baby—and he had given away her holiday! No denying it! Compunction flooded him. He would go up and find her and try and make his peace—he would pawn his bicycle—she should have her holiday—oh! yes.

He opened the door and listened. The little house was ominously quiet—only the outside evening sounds from 'buses passing in the main road, from children playing on the doorsteps of the side street, from a man with a barrow of bananas. She must be up in the bedroom with baby! He went up the steep, whitewashed stairway. It wanted a carpet and some fresh paint; ah! and a lot of other things Alice wanted—you couldn't have everything at once on four pound ten a week—with the price of living what it was. But she ought to have remembered there were things he wanted too—precious bad, and never thought of getting. The door of their bedroom was locked. He rattled the handle. She opened the door suddenly, and stood facing him on the little landing.

"I don't want you up here."

"Look here, Alice—it's rotten."

She closed the door behind her.

"It is! You go down again; I don't want you. Think I believe that about crying? I'd be ashamed if I were you!"

Ashamed! He might have been too soft, but ashamed!

"Think I don't know what men are like? You can just go to your rotten girl if she's so pretty!" She stood hard and stiff against the door; there were red spots in her cheeks. She almost made him feel a villain—such conviction in her body.

"But, Alice—— Good Lord! you must be crazy! I've done nothing!"

"But you'd like to. Go and do it. I don't want you!"

The stabbing stare of the blue eyes, the muffled energy of voice, the bitterness about her mouth, all made a fellow feel—well, that he knew nothing about anything—coming from one's wife like that! He leaned back against the wall.

"Well, I'm damned!" was all he could get out.

"Do you mean to say she didn't ask you!"

The insides of his hands grew wet. There was the girl's card in his pocket.

"Well," he said, "if you like to be a cat I can't help it. What d'you take me for?"

"Giving your own child's money to a dirty slut! You owed it—that's the truth—or will. Go on with you; don't stand there!"

He had a nasty longing to smite her on the mouth—it looked so bitter. "Well," he said slowly, "now I understand."

But what? That there she was—all of a piece with something, with that police court, and the tone of the men's voices, with something unsparing, hard, and righteous, that came down sharp on people? He stammered:

"I thought—I think you might——"

"Ugh!" The sound exasperated him so that he turned to go downstairs.

"You whited sepulchre!"

The door clicked before he could answer the odd insult; he heard the key turned. It was idiotic! The little landing seemed too small to hold his feelings. Would he ever have said a word to Alice if he *had* done it? But what? Why! he had never thought of doing anything.

His head went round with chagrin; he ran downstairs, and, clawing his straw hat from the rack, went out. The streets were malodorous from the London fug of fried fish, petrol, and hot, dirty people; he strode along troubled, his eyes very rueful. So this was what he was really married to—this—this! It was like being married to that police court! It wasn't human—no, it wasn't—to be so suspicious and virtuous as all that! What was the use of being decent and straight if this was all you got for it? Someone touched him on the shoulder.

"Mister, you're all white behind; let me brush you."

He stood still confusedly while a stout, fair man smote his back up and down with a large flat hand. Whited sepulchre! A bubble of rage rose to his lips. All right! She should see! He felt for the girl's card, and was suddenly amazed to find that he had no need to look at it—he remembered the address. It wasn't far off, on the other side of the Euston Road. That was funny—had he been

looking at it without realising? They said you had a subconscious mind. Well, what about it? No, it was his conscious mind that was going to serve Alice out! He had reached the Euston Road. Crossing it, he began to feel a queer pleasurable weakness in his legs. By this he knew that he was going to do wrong. He was not about to visit the girl just to serve his wife out, but because the prospect was—was——! That was bad, it was bad; it would put Alice in the right! He stood still at the corner of a narrow square, with a strip of garden and railings round it. He leaned against those railings, his eyes searching the trees. He had always been quite straight with his wife—it was she who had put the idea into his head. And yet his legs being pleasurably weak seemed in an odd way to excuse Alice. It was like his doubt whether they hadn't to do something about it at the police court. Barring Alice —barring the police court—where would he—would any man be? Without virtue, entirely without virtue. A pigeon cooed in the garden. "Any time you're passing, I'll be glad to see you." It had sounded genuine—really grateful. And the girl had looked—not worse than anybody else! If Alice had been sympathetic about it he would never have thought of her again; that is—well——! The doubt set his legs in motion. He was a married man, and that was all about it! But he looked across at the numbers on the houses. Twenty-seven—there it was! A bloom of lilac brushed his face. The scent jerked him suddenly back to the farm in Somerset, when he and Alice were courting. Alice—not the Alice on the landing! He scrutinised the shabby house, and suddenly went hot all over. Suppose he went in there—what would the girl think? That he had paid her fine because——! But that wasn't it at all—oh! no—he wasn't a squirt like that! He walked on fast and far.

The signs were lit above the theatres; traffic was scanty, the streets a long dawdle of what vehicles and humans were about. He turned into Leicester Square and sat down on a bench. The lights all round him brightened slowly under the dusk—theatre lights and street lamps. And the pity of things smote him, sitting there. There was so much of everything; one got so little of anything! To add up figures all day and go home to Alice—that was

life! Well, and it wasn't so bad when Alice was nice to him. But—crikey!—what one missed! That book about the South Sea Islands—all the places, peoples, sights, sounds, scents, all over the world! Four pound ten a week, a wife, and the baby! Well, you couldn't have things both ways—but had he got them either way? Not with the Alice on the landing!

Poor Alice! Jolly hard on her to miss her holiday! But she might have given him the chance to tell her that he would pawn his bicycle. Or was it all a bad dream? Had he ever really been in that police court, seen them herding those girls to prison—girls who did what they did because—well, like himself, they had missed too much. They'd catch a fresh lot to-night. What a fool he'd been to pay that fine!

'I'm glad I didn't go into that girl's house, anyway,' he thought. 'I would have felt a scum!' The only decent thing about it all had been her look when she said: "Ow! thank you!" It gave him a little feeling of warmth even now, and then—that, too, chilled away. When he had done sitting there he must go home. If Alice had thought him a wrong 'un before, what would she think when he returned? Well, there it was! The milk was spilt! But he did wish she hadn't got such a virtue on her.

The sky deepened and darkened, the lights stared white; the Square garden with its flower-beds seemed all cut out and stiff like scenery on a stage. Well, must go back and "stick" it! No good to worry!

He got up from the bench and gave himself a little shake. His eyes, turned towards the white lights of the Alhambra, were round, candid, decent, like the eyes of a baby.

The Revolution in Secondary Education

By Ronald Gurner, M.C., M.A.

It is doubtful whether more than a small minority of the public, interested as it now is in educational matters to a greater degree than at any previous time, realises to what extent finance is responsible for the changes that are taking place in the system and organisation of higher education in England. These changes are the result partly of conscious policy, partly of natural and unconscious development. But they are giving rise to a situation pregnant with possibility, and it is this situation which I propose to attempt, first to describe, then, with what little prejudice I may, to discuss.

The pre-war hierarchy of Secondary Schools was well known. First and foremost, the great public schools, not necessarily of ancient foundation but of national, and indeed more than national, fame.

Next, the smaller public and endowed schools, in some cases seeing only local needs, in others drawing their pupils from all parts of the United Kingdom. Next, the Grammar Schools, displaced often enough by the newer public school and sometimes moribund, but the possessors of strong pride and position, and capable under the guidance of some unusually capable Head Master of great revival. Dissimilar in many respects, these classes of schools were alike in the fact that they received no financial assistance from outside sources. They were independent, supported by endowments and fees alone. Through bad times and good they made their way, with staffs well or ill paid, with buildings and equipment adequate or inadequate, as the case might be, insular perhaps, narrow in their scope and outlook, but masters of their destiny. It was in their financial independence that they differed from what are usually known as the aided schools—schools which bore in most cases an equally honoured name, and boasted of a tradition no less proud, but which had found it necessary to accept grants in aid from the Board of Education or from

the Local Educational Authority, or both. To these schools the grant had meant increased prosperity, and to a great extent freedom from financial anxiety. It had also meant a certain measure of control, in particular the necessity of admitting scholars from elementary schools. The school that, faced with a grave economic crisis, accepted the inevitable and "came under the State" survived, but tended as the result of the presence of these scholars to "change its tone." The small ex-private or grammar school that clung to its independence survived, or went under, but continued to cater for the better classes. In some cases sons of tradesmen were not admitted till the last. Finally, there was a small number of maintained secondary schools, *i.e.*, schools which had been founded or taken over by the Local Educational Authority, which alone was responsible for their administration. They were an interesting educational development, but not apparently of any great importance.

Then came the war, and with it developments that shook the established order to its foundations. I am not at the moment referring to those deep social changes, evidence of which is all around but which tend to defy analysis—to the changed connotation of the word "gentlemanly," the new outlook and ambitions of the working classes, the adoption of new ideals or the abandonment of the old—but to certain specific financial developments which were themselves the direct outcome of war conditions, and of which the final result is not yet. Reference is made in the first place to the increased cost of living, in the second to the granting of pensions, now, of course, contributory, but non-contributory in 1918—in the third to the complementary rise of the New Rich and the New Poor.

Even before the war many schools barely paid their way. When the pound sank to one half its value there were three methods open to these schools to meet the situation, and only three. Expenses could be cut down by the exercise of stringent economy. Fees might be increased. Or the aid of the State might be invoked. All of these methods were adopted. No member of an independent school staff who remained at his school during the war is likely to forget the hundred and one economies, in the common room, in the stationery office, in the coal

sheds, the playing fields, even in number of the staff, some healthy, some humorous, some pitiful, that were suggested and effected. It was natural and right that this should be so. But it was not unnatural that efficiency should suffer; and it was the independent school that suffered most.

These economies by themselves proved insufficient, and in 1916 almost all schools were driven to increase their fees. The first increase was usually small, not more than 10 per cent. of the total fee. More increases followed, usually in 1918 and 1919, until at the time when the index figure was highest fees were in most cases between 40 per cent. and 60 per cent. above pre-war standard.

But in many cases even the increase of fees proved inadequate to adjust the balance; and from 1918 onward an increasing number of schools was driven by the steadily mounting bank overdraft to accept the inevitable, apply for State aid, and open its doors to the scholar from the elementary school. I can naturally mention no names. But the old boys of many an old foundation have learnt with dismay that their school has only been saved from ruin by the admission of the " impossible " class.

So much, in very brief outline, for the effects of the devaluation of money. But in 1918 the State took a more direct part in the game of squeezing out the independent schools. In that year the Superannuation Act conferred non-contributory pensions upon all teachers in maintained or State-aided schools.

The effects of this momentous step were immediate, and as serious for the independent schools as they could well be. For henceforth the master in State or aided service was offered an attraction that had hitherto been offered by the State to the Civil Servant or Service man alone. But the independent schools were carefully omitted. They were not, indeed, profit making, but service in them was not recognised, as they were not under Board control.

Hasty and somewhat panicky conferences and deputations to the Minister of Education proved useless, and the independent schools, faced with distinct signs of a drift away on the part of their staffs, and with increasing difficulty in replacement in face of such counter-attractions, were forced to introduce whenever possible their own non-contributory pension schemes. An act of common justice

as this was, its effect upon school finances, already strained, was serious to a degree. The last great increase of fees, in 1919, was usually explained by governing bodies as being rendered necessary by the introduction of pensions, and it is certain that in most cases the grant would have been impossible without an increase. Worse—I speak from the Bursar's point of view—was to follow. For years the increasing power of the National Union of Teachers, due to their highly efficient organisation and discipline, had been manifest. And in 1919 questions of salaries were by their agency, and that of the Assistant Masters' Association, brought prominently forward. Redress was due, and overdue. The Burnham award recognised the justice of the teachers' claim that they had received no adequate compensation for the increase in the cost of living, and the secondary teachers' award in 1920 added at least 40 per cent., and in many cases very much more, to the pay of the master in the aided or maintained school. Here again was a grave situation. In London, for example, the secondary master would commence with £290, and rise at the rate of £15 a year to a maximum of £600, or in some cases £650.* Few outside the innermost circle of wealthy public schools could claim to pay their staffs on this scale; yet they would have to meet the situation, or again the staffs would drift away. Heroic measures were again the order of the day. In very few cases schools were able to boast that they had improved upon the Burnham scale. But it was generally enough if they could approximate to it, while once more parents wrote to the *Times*, and provincial bank managers obtained fresh authority for overdrafts from the head office.

What then of the third factor in the economic situation —the rise of the New Rich and the New Poor? The first of these two classes may be dismissed. They could, and would, meet any increase of fees to obtain the admission of their sons to the great public schools, and the struggle in many cases was not so much to pay for their sons as to persuade headmasters to take them. The accumulation of wealth had been too rapid and obvious—" in a few years, perhaps, but not now." . . . But the New Poor

* These figures are now reduced as a result of various deductions from the Burnham scales for pension and other purposes.

claim, and with justice, that they, who in the past have been the mainstay of the independent schools, are now prevented by lack of means from having their boys educated where and as they would, and are forced to send them to schools where fees are lower in proportion as the deficit is met from the taxes or the rates.

From three different aspects, therefore, finance has affected the relation of the independent to the dependent school. And the effects of high cost of living, of State pensions, of inability of the professional classes to send their sons to public schools, have been in one respect identical. From all points of view the independent school has fared favourably in comparison with its erstwhile poorer brother. Whether the question be one of maintaining the standard of efficiency, of adequate salaries and pensions for the staff, or of attracting the sons of the class towards which it has chiefly looked for support in the past, it is the independent school that is pulling against the stream. Whereas before the war the acceptance of State aid was usually considered to be a very definite mark of inferiority, and the resulting admittance of scholars to indicate a lowering of prestige, at the present time it is to an increasing extent the second class of schools that matters, that offers efficiency, adequate salaries, true democratic mingling of class. The schools that have been enabled proudly and unfalteringly to continue on their way untouched by any consideration of State aid, may almost be numbered upon the fingers of two hands. It is doubtful indeed whether even one school has weathered the storm without at least some moments of doubt and anxiety. The names of the great public schools are as honoured as in the past; their waiting lists are greater, their traditions enriched by the war. But when one inquires into the true reason of the hopelessly overcrowded class rooms and dormitories, the answer may be made, " because they want to come "; but those that know them best must know best the true reply, " That, or State aid, or ruin."

What then of the old aided and the new maintained schools? It is obvious that their numbers have been very greatly increased, and the importance of this lies in the fact that the Board of Education and the local educational authorities exert a controlling influence upon secondary

education in England, such as may have been the object of their aspirations, but was far from being attained before the war. It is a fact that to-day of the sixty or more schools that offer secondary education for boys in London, not more than five or six can boast that they are free from any control but that of their own governing bodies. And, as in London, so elsewhere, upon the vast majority the shadow, the ægis, or the inspiration—it is not always easy at any given moment to say which is the most fitting expression—of the Board and the L.E.A. has fallen. The schools appeal for help, the help is granted, upon conditions; but behind all specific conditions and regulations lies the essential fact that every school so aided is no longer free, no longer atomic; it becomes automatically part of a system and learns to know that "he who pays the piper calls the tune." It is to this that financial pressure has led. It is doubtful whether any school would ask for Government or local control, however farsighted its ideals in regard to national education. It asks because it has to make both ends meet, and the control once felt, it makes the best of what is to it a bad job.

So, in brief, has the situation that confronts us to-day arisen. A few schools still stand outside the ring. For the rest the Board of Education and the local educational authority share the control which, in many cases, in the old days the headmaster and the governing body exercised alone. Returns accumulate, and the inspector and the education officer flourish in the land. Are these matters for rejoicing or for sorrow?

The obvious criticism to pass upon the increasing power of national and municipal educational bodies is that the liberty of the school is unduly impaired, that those directly responsible for it cease to take the same living and individual interest in its destiny, in proportion as their power to control this destiny is lessened. But this fact is in itself no solid ground for condemnation of the new system. It may be well that the headmaster should cease to be the autocrat of the nineteenth century, that the school should be brought, willy nilly, into the main stream of national education. It may be that the Board will bestow more than it takes away, that its representatives will aid with counsel, and prevent stagnation and undue insularity. The ques-

tion can only be answered by reference to the facts as they present themselves to those who are familiar with the working of the system to-day.

Now it would be an easy, and for a working schoolmaster in many ways a pleasant, task to write a book in criticism of the methods of administration and control adopted by the Board of Education and the local educational authorities. It would be impossible to compress such criticism within the limits of a few paragraphs, and for that reason the reader can only be asked to believe that the chief difficulty felt by one who holds, as the writer holds, that some form of national control is to the good, is to reconcile that belief with the manner in which, week by week and year by year, that control is at present exercised.

It is, however, possible that these weaknesses are the natural results of lack of experience, of the fact that we are treading untried ways. The suggestion is put forward, not merely that Board control has come to stay, but that with certain readjustments the new system will lead to results far fairer than the old.

The first and foremost of these gains is that resulting from greater admixture of classes in the schools. In the old days the granting of scholarships was a mockery of educational opportunity for the poor. The scholarship papers at the great public schools, like the competitive examination papers for Class 1 of the Civil Service, were set for the benefit of a small and essentially exclusive class —the *clientèle* of the preparatory schools. At these schools boys from the age of nine onward were put through a course of intensive preparation—" cramming "—for the purpose of attaining these scholarships. In many cases special connection was established between one public and one, or group of, preparatory schools. But the main point is that no question of financial need arose. To those that had was given, and the boy whose very presence at the preparatory school proved that he was usually in no need of assistance, found no difficulty in obtaining entrance to a school from which the really poor boy—the ex-elementary school pupil—was rigorously excluded. All this is over, in all except a few schools. For good or ill, the majority of our schools to-day are faced with the necessity of admitting not

less than 25 per cent. of ex-elementary schoolboys as free scholars. No condition for grant is more rigorously enforced, no condition has been more bitterly opposed than this. It is perhaps unnecessary to state fully the case for each side in this controversy. Let it suffice to say that those who believe in equality of opportunity will support the policy, those who would maintain the class school will oppose it. Let this be said, with no *arrière-pensée*, with no intent to cast self-righteous scorn upon those headmasters and governing bodies who understand the class for which, and which alone, their schools previously catered, but look with misgiving upon the new element introduced by such sweeping change. But let it be said in addition, and by no means with uncertainty, that the new policy has come to stay. The nation will not go back. Those schools that have thrown open their doors, they shall keep them open, and, if signs mislead not, there will be in ten years' time few schools indeed to which ability, even if hampered by poverty, cannot obtain access.

For gain in the second place is to be accounted the greater admixture of classes, not only in the smaller aided, but also in the new maintained schools. Even now the words " Council School " ring with a certain suggestiveness in the ears of the middle class, or upper middle class citizen. It is in all probability a matter for surprise for him to learn that to-day at the Council secondary school are to be found the sons of the ex-officer, the well-to-do doctor, the civil servant, the " professional man " indeed, in all his aspects. He is usually interested to learn that these schools are quite consciously rivalling—not emulating—the public schools in their outlook and their ideals. It is not merely the prefects' board, the house system, the boy captain. It is that, whereas the public school professes to train character and to make future leaders, the new Council School professes equally definitely to train character, and to make neither the leaders nor the led of the future, but men that shall play their part in the body politic, and, believing in the value of their work, let their position, social and economic, look after itself; which, as many an ex-public schoolboy rival has already found, it has a way of doing, by no means to its owner's, but sometimes to others', detriment.

A further advantage of the new developments is increased possibility of interchange of staff between schools formerly separated by a wide social and financial gulf. Whatever the merits and demerits of the Burnham scale, it has at least had the effect of drawing the teaching profession together to a greater extent than was ever the case before. Throughout the whole of England salaries of masters in all schools which receive aid from the national exchequer are graded on a definite basis. The amounts, needless to say, differ in various localities, but the scales are national. It is known that the Burnham award was no more than a recommendation to the local authorities, but to a great extent it has behind it the force of law. The immediate result has been complete power of exchange on the part of a master from school to school, provided only that the school was "under the Board," without financial loss. The indirect result has already been seen; the independent schools came into line, and granted scales of salaries as good as, or better than, the Burnham scale, but drawn up with direct reference to that scale. What this means can only perhaps be fully appreciated by those who have in the past been anchored to a school, and faced with the alternative of remaining under possibly adverse circumstances, such as unsuitable climate, or lack of facilities for marriage, or of starting again at the bottom of the tree in another school, with ten, or perhaps fifteen, years of service unrecognised for salary purposes. There is now a sense of freedom, a feeling that one's fate is not committed inexorably into the keeping of one school, the advantage of which to the individual master is incalculable. There is in the second place the fact that public-school masters do now think it worth while to accept posts in aided and maintained schools, with no thought that they are losing status thereby. The influx of public-school men into London, for example in 1921, immediately after the adoption of the award, was remarkable, and although for the time being secondary-school recruiting in London has practically stopped as a result of the Geddes economies, there is no reason to doubt that this influx will be resumed when conditions are easier. And lastly, as a result of all this there is a broadening of outlook, a new realisation that the teachers' is a national

work, that the unity of the profession is something more than a cant phrase, or a measure of self-defence against salary reduction. As yet, indeed, the movement from public to maintained, and from maintained to public school is in its infancy: it is looked upon askance by almost all senior members of public-school staffs, and resented by the few class-conscious masters engaged in State education. But however hard the old idea may die, the new will live. To its possibilities what bounds can any set?

In three important respects, therefore, the increasing control of the State over the secondary schools of England has affected the outlook and educational experience of boy and master. And it is possible that the reader who has thus far followed the argument may be tempted to exclaim, "But these three points are one!" As indeed they are. For what does the increase of the numbers of poor scholars in our public schools, of sons of the public-school class in our State schools, of change and interchange upon the part of the staffs between the two great classes of schools—what do these movements mean but this: that a new spirit is abroad, a revolution that shall mean much is being enacted before our eyes? Levelling down the process may be called, or levelling up; but of its result there can be little doubt. The old distinctions, the gulfs, social and economic, are disappearing year by year. The boast of the public schools is proud and true; they have in the past taught that spirit of self-devotion that has ensured the keeping of faith in the public services, and the paramount rules of honour wherever the public-school boy is found. The boast of the new State schools is confident, and perhaps yet to be justified. But they, too, will teach their lessons of work and joint citizenship to an ever-increasing band of sons. Their material, their outlook, to a certain extent perhaps their methods, may be different. But if our democracy is to be educated, they have their work to do. Alike upon public school and State school, the nation's money is now expended. The sum may be already great, it may increase; but who shall say if the breaking down of barriers and the growth of a new generation, less sundered in aim and in experience, be the purchase, that it is money thrown away?

Education and Flying

By L. de G. Sieveking

I WANTED to call this article " Maps, Magic, and Men," or something like that. But it seemed to owe its attractiveness to alliteration in that peculiarly specious fashion which is the quality of alliteration; and also it seemed to suggest that I had admitted the extravagance of an idea which I hoped rather to present as the antithesis of extravagance.

Magic, it is true, was present in my mind, in this form: If they announced to us through the headlines of the papers that we prop against our toast-rack with such tedious regularity, that by Messrs. So-and-So's new method we should soon be able to turn ourselves into a frog or an oak-tree, or an apple-dumpling, for the trifling fee of one guinea, we should simply turn to each other and say that " we should wait and see if it were safe before we tried it," or " that we considered a guinea more than we could rise to at present, and should hang on till the price fell; " . . . and after that, the conversation would wind its way through the tortuous channels of the stock market, the fashion, the golf tournaments, the International Conference of the moment, till it found its way with a false air of newness in the silted delta of the distorted details of the woman who had been murdered on the previous night.

I mean that our capacity for surprised and astonished interest has become atrophied. Which is a great pity. But the fact that it has become so has its uses, because when I suggest that flying may be used as a means of education —that children may be taken up into the air on two mornings a week by their class master—nobody will be surprised and nobody will mind. That is to say, that I assert that nobody will mind; if they do, they will now know into what category they will fall.

It has been said that the cinematograph will or has become a means of education. Whether either of these two bear any weight of truth I cannot say. If the former, I can merely assume that just as Ireland has become (or appears to have become) a Free State within the British

Empire, England will soon be able to claim status as a Dominion of the United States of America. If the latter, I can only hope that by Act of Parliament, or by an Act of God (as the insurance companies say), a very great change will be wrought in the cinematograph world before it is taken into such use.

Likewise, it has been said that a method may soon be discovered whereby the knowledge of a subject can be grafted on to a brain by means of a surgical operation. Then why not by flying? First, it is dangerous! But then, how dangerous is the cinematograph! Murders and burglaries and all manner of arson are attributed to it. Also the reel may catch fire, or the screen may explode—or the whole audience go suddenly mad—in fact, anything might happen.

Then again, that surgical operation. The possible dangers of the method scarcely bear thinking about.

I repeat, then why not flying?

Obviously the best lesson in geography is a visit to the place in question. Again, the best lesson in poetry and drama is to witness *King Lear* acted by a first-class company. (Incidentally, the immense importance of the drama as a subject in the curriculum is a thing upon which I should like to say much.) Surely, then, there could be no better lesson in Sociology and the attendant subjects of History, Physical Science, Geography, Citizenship, and a dozen others, than a laying out of *the actual visible signs and symptoms of the thing entire*, beneath the eyes of the pupil, section by section, with a guiding hand and a ready explanation.

In a previous article in THE ENGLISH REVIEW of June, 1922, I made certain suggestions concerning the purely psychological possibilities of flying, of states of mind brought about by remaining in the upper air. I wrote, I remember, in terms that were, perhaps, guilty of a certain vagueness, though at the same time they were redeemed by some practicality. Here I wish largely to remain upon the plane of practical things. If I wander casually into a psychological by-street, it will be, I declare, unforeseen, and surely most necessary.

Please imagine yourself among a crowd of children leaning over a railing. The machine is travelling at a

conveniently slow rate. The master is pointing towards a large group of buildings, and is asking his pupils to observe how a change in the course of the river has caused the town gradually to alter its position. The old bed may not be perceived from the ground; but looking down on it from this height, you will readily see the grassy depression—how it is broken by that levelling-up, that banking-in—and goes out again just over there. To this he may add, by way of illustration, the example of the seven cities of Delhi, some of which were hardly inhabited for more than a few years owing to the so rapid change in the course of the river, and how all round the Delhi of to-day, for many miles, the country is littered up with the remnants of the unsuccessful cities. Also he may mention the city without a name, which has recently been located on the desert beneath the airway from Cairo to Baghdad. Hitherto the undulations (they seemed little more) had been regarded as a natural banking-up of ridges in the sand. But now it can readily be seen from the air that here, just beneath the surface, are the remains of some vast city, laid out upon a gigantic scale—larger than the London of to-day. You can see . . .

"But children in an aeroplane?" you interrupt. Ah, consider this. You only hear of the accidents. These only are brought to your notice. In the same way, you only hear of the railway smash. Does your newspaper emphasise the fact that the 5.15 down train has got safely to its destination every day for over sixty years? That the 4.31 up train has never—but enough. Let me try and surprise you. The percentage of accidents over a given period is much less in the regular passenger flying services than in the railway, or steamship, or the motor services for the same period.

Please imagine yourself to be still leaning over the railing with the curly heads craning this way and that on every side of you. The machine is still coasting along at a convenient speed.

"When the Romans built that camp over there . . . ," says the master's voice. And at once you observe by the lie of the land, and by the way that that humped shoulder of hills curves along, they couldn't very well have built it anywhere else. See those creeks and rocky inlets—and

over to the right beyond the bank of haze, that coast—Carteret that is. . . . And so on.

Well, isn't it simple, now, to understand how the smugglers of the eighteenth century used to pop across? For look, the coastguards had their stations there and *there*—and forty miles east you can see . . .

A mere fragment of the possibilities of the thing! More and more, as I think about it, it becomes certain in my mind that a course of lectures from the air will be, in the future, as much taken for granted in the education of a child as reading and writing.

However vivid and clear one's conception of a thing may be, it is nearly always found to be foggy at the edges, like a bad photograph, when examined closely.

I personally make interesting discoveries about my own accepted ideas. Due to the way in which things are presented to one at school, Queen Anne has always been to me, and always will be, contemporary with Queen Victoria. I cannot place her at any date except 1860.

I am not suggesting that that particular misconception could have been avoided by a flight in the air. But I will say that it came as a terrific shock to me to discover, when I was in Kashmir, that it was a comparatively short distance overland into Russia. Somehow, you know, the idea of Russia and India as near neighbours is a notion which even now my imagination boggles at.

Such a state of mind could never be if, as I say, the master took his class for an hour's lecture in the air twice a week. But let me set down briefly a few, just a few of the subjects which occur to me as subjects that could not be more easily nor more conclusively taught than by this method.

The first thing that occurs is, naturally, the formation of land and sea, their mutual action upon each other. Item one—the world really *is* round. Yes, no more oranges held up in stuffy class-rooms to be blinked at in hopeless flights of unsuccessful imagination! When in a flight of actuality, at an approximate height of, say, 6,000 feet, you can *see* that it is round. You can see the curve of the globe, and "seeing's believing," as the old wives say.

Next, we observe the island, the headland, the creek and cliff, and comment very briefly upon the natural causes

for their formation. Very briefly, I say, because when the eyes of the class are looking at these things from a great height and are passing across and across them at different angles, realising them in relation to their surroundings, very little comment will be needed, and the schoolmaster's work will be reduced to a compact minimum of carefully considered explanation. He will be able to point out the different coloured soils and say what they indicate. Spread beneath him will be an area of some fifty or more square miles. He will point out the industrial areas and the pasture and the crop areas.

Then—fascinating thought !—he will be able to indicate, during an hour's flight, a large portion of one or more railway systems, their termini, their branches, why they go whither they go, and how they get there. More particularly in this connection he will be able to give an object lesson in sociology by means of a glance from one end to the other of the South Eastern Railway. How it winds and coils about itself, when the children can see for themselves that it might have gone almost straight from Charing Cross to Hastings. He can dwell upon the obstructive landowners of other days, and how they are responsible not only for the many curves upon which great speed is not safe, but for the growth of villages into towns, owing to the unexpected advent of the rail. And here and there he can point out the evidences of the last spasmodic exertions of the coaching companies to compete with the railways. The stretches of wide, straight road, almost unused since the day they were built.

When over water, the pupils will be able actually to see the currents which govern the formation of coastal changes, and to some extent the shipping routes. These latter can be seen by means of the ships themselves, which the pupil will espy leaving ports, following each other and entering other ports.

Incidentally, the water is very clear in shallow bays, and here and there the bottom can be seen. I have several times seen submarines lying on the bottom of a bay.

Perspective can be taught by the seeing of buildings from all angles—church spires, railway lines, rivers, the shadows of mountains.

Air currents and atmospheric phenomena can be ob-

served. How the aeroplane is thrown about by the hot air that rises from a city, and by the changes of air when leaving land and going out over sea, or *vice-versâ*.

The London fog seen from above as a local lump of night converged upon one mysterious and unfortunate spot is alone a potential source of almost infinite instruction, both scientific, by reason of its causes, spiritual by reason of its effects, and sociological by means of both.

One could go on almost for ever in this strain, but the strain would not only be a strain upon you, but upon me. The subject itself is too large to suffer. Even now, I have not mentioned those curious things clouds, about which a whole volume might be written, from the peculiar cloudiness of clouds to the circular rainbow that may be seen when inside them.

Consider, then, one last thing.

At one glance, if the time is chosen rightly, the pupil will be able to see with his own eyes Day, Twilight, and Night in, as it were, a section of their eternal procession. It is evening. Ahead of him is the land still bathed in sunlight. Beneath him is a town where, already in the gloaming, the street lights are beginning to twinkle; and behind him is the night coming slowly up from an utter blackness in the distance across the land from the sea. . . . The effect of such a vision is incalculable. The imagination is stirred to overwhelming issues—the sense of eternity beneath one's finger-tip, the realisation of all things in true proportion and relation to each other—these things will have an effect upon the mind of the child who witnesses them that no other experience could possibly give.

It may be contended that an airship would be more suitable for this purpose. The answer to that is that it would cost too much. A balloon, also, would not be satisfactory, as its course cannot be controlled. All, indeed, that has yet to be changed in order to meet the case is the noise of the engines, which would, to-day, make the master's voice inaudible, except when the machine was gliding with the power shut off.

I feel that, though I have barely touched the fringe of the matter, there may be in these pages the spark that kindles the reader's imagination, and which indicates to him a path of whose existence he had up to now been unaware.

The Primrose Path

By Arthur Mills

THIS is a story of Julie, daughter of the Comte de St Jean. Julie was born twenty-five years ago in Paris. She had red hair, quantities of it, and eyes that seemed at first of ordinary grey colour, but that, when they turned on yours, could dance with all the imps of mischief that ever possessed the soul of a pretty woman. Some said that Julie's eyes were the most dangerous part of her, others cited her hair.

Her father belonged to a French family that had flourished in the days of Louis XIV. He died when she was eight, leaving her nothing but his blessing and an old signet ring on which was engraved the motto—

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

Julie had learnt to read. She took an impression from the ring, spelt out the lettering, and asked her mother what the words meant.

Julie's mother had been a cabaret dancer. She had not been married to the Comte de St. Jean, or received much education, and she was unable to explain to her daughter the meaning of the motto.

Julie's mother died when Julie was eight and a half years, and she was taken to a home where little girls who have no parents are cared for. When she was sixteen a situation was found for her in a French family, and at seventeen she began her career.

Julie's career started at a public ball on the left bank. There the proprietor of a restaurant, always on the look-out for talent, saw her, and offered her a position as dancer in his establishment. It was the sort of establishment to which Julie, having much of her mother's blood in her veins, might have drifted in any case, and she took to the new life easily and quickly.

From Montmartre to Monaco, from Monaco to New

York, from New York to London—such were the succeeding steps of Julie's career. Wherever men and women spent money freely, wherever laughter was forced from life, wherever a twinkling eye and a ready smile were assets and remorse a bad debt, there Julie St. Jean had her being.

She had jewellery, frocks and furs in plenty. Money she never had, for she was a thriftless little soul, spending what came to her, and always confident of getting more. She knew so exactly how to please.

Some people might have said she was hard. It is difficult to conceive how a tender nature could have survived successfully seven such years. Certainly, whether Julie's heart was soft at core or not, it was encased in substance hard as a flint. She was used to having men in love with her, used to making men, *and women, too*, miserable, used to rough treatment herself. Throughout all things she took infinite care of her looks.

In the autumn of 19—— she met Gerald. Gerald Burton was serving with a regiment in London, and spending the capital left him by his father. He was an engaging youth, with blue eyes, fresh pink skin, and slightly curly, golden hair. He had the face of a cherub and the soul of a baby satyr. From one point of view, at any rate, he and Julie started level. They were both used to having people in love with them.

They met at three o'clock one morning at a dance club. They were both of them in high good spirits, and some electric current of mutual appreciation seemed to unite them from the moment they met. They danced together for the rest of the time, Julie offending for life the man who had taken her to the ball, and who had promised to give her a motor car, and Gerald bringing tears of mortification to the eyes of his companion, a young and foolish married woman, who had fancied herself in love with him, and who left the dance in a temper and returned to the shelter of her husband's roof. Neither cared for the consequences of their conduct. Julie knew she could find other men to give her motor cars, and Gerald felt he could well spare his companion.

At the end of the dance Gerald found a cab, and asked Julie to what address she wished to be driven. Her

flat was no great distance. She snuggled into his arm, put her head on his shoulder, and made herself comfortable.

"You really are rather a little darling," he said, kissing her hair.

There was a tenderness in his voice and action that sent a thrill through Julie that she would not have experienced had he taken her in his arms and kissed her lips. She twined one of her soft little hands round his fingers.

"What is your Christian name?" she asked.

"Gerry," he answered. "And yours?"

"Ah! Gerrie! and I—Julie. But here we are."

The cab stopped. Gerald jumped out and gave her his hand.

"May I ring you up some time?" he asked.

"Sure," she answered with an American drawl she had learnt in New York, "to-morrow, I hope."

"No—to-day."

"Oh, la-la—not before lunch, I pray you."

He looked at his watch. It was nearly 5 a.m. "Very well—I will ring up after lunch. Good-night."

"Good-night, Gerrie—sleep well."

That was the beginning, and how matters had progressed at the end of a month may be gathered from the following scrap of conversation between Gerald's aunt, the Dowager Lady Burton, and her old crony, Mrs. Queasy.

"I see Barburton is to be sold," said Mrs. Queasy, who had come in to drink tea and talk scandal.

Old Lady Burton nodded gloomily. "Yes, and anything else Gerald can lay his hands on. He's running through every penny as fast as he can."

"Gamblin', I suppose?" Mrs. Queasy raised her eyebrows.

"Really, I don't know what he does; I hear he's taken up with some little French atrocity lately, and they are always about together. I don't suppose she's any particular economy."

Now it so happened that the Dowager Lady Burton was partly right and partly wrong. Her unsatisfactory nephew had certainly, as she put it, "taken up" with Julie, and entertaining Julie, whose whole being would have been horrified at the idea of going anywhere cheap, was expensive. But Julie was not the cause of Gerald's finan-

cial troubles. If it hadn't been for her they might have been very much worse. Many an evening it was only the society of Julie that kept Gerald from frequenting a certain flat in Curzon Street, belonging to a Major Montmorency, where, at the game of *chemin de fer*, he had already lost half of the Barburton estate.

Theirs was a curious relationship, best described in the expressive French phrase, *très bon camarade*. They amused each other, and were happy in one another's society. At least Julie amused Gerald, with her vivacity and perpetual busy schemes. He enjoyed dancing with her and laughing at her talk. She was always gay, always good company. He, of course, was useful to her. She seldom found room for anyone in her life who was not. He was an excellent guide to the phase of London life with which she wished to become familiar. He was a member of the newest dancing club, and could take her there; he knew the best restaurants; he told her who people were; she picked up the patter of the town from him, and besides all this he was presentable and did her credit in public.

Julie's flat in King Street was typical of herself—rose pink, expensively furnished, delicately perfumed. Here Gerald loved to sit, drink the most delicious chocolate made by Julie herself, and exchange confidences. One evening, after he had had a particularly bad sitting at the "Major's," he took her more into his confidence than he had ever done before.

"I may not be coming here much more soon," he said.

"Why not, Gerrie—you don't like me any more?"

"Like you?" Gerald laughed. "Course I do—but I shall have to give up quite a lot of things I like." He made a gesture with his hands as though pulling out the lining of his pocket. "Finish dibs."

"You gamble again—everything—everything; you lose gambling." Julie shook her pretty little head.

"I lost £3,000 yesterday," said Gerry, "and I've got about £500 left in the world. I'm going to have a last cut at Montmorency to-night."

"Is it to him you lose all?" said Julie.

"He's got about £15,000 of mine," Gerald nodded.

"He's no good, that Montmorency, I think," said Julie,

who, like most other people who moved in the expensive restaurant world, knew Major Montmorency by sight.

"And if you lose the rest?" Julie put her little hand on Gerald's sleeve.

"I shall take a passage to Canada and stay there. Well, we've had some fun together, kid." Gerry stroked Julie's wavy hair.

She was silent. She looked at the floor. Then, very gently, but unmistakably, she sniffed. Slowly she raised her head, and Gerry, looking down into her eyes, saw with amazement that they held tears.

"Julie!" he exclaimed.

"*Sale vie*!" said Julie, twisting her signet ring round her finger.

Gerry fidgeted uncomfortably. He hated scenes. He caught sight of the ring.

"What's that funny ring you sometimes wear?" he asked. "Let's see it."

Julie, also glad of a diversion, took off the ring and handed it to him. She pointed to the lettering.

"*Noblesse oblige*," she said, laughing. "What that mean—fine gentleman, eh?"

"Something of that sort," said Gerald, "you know, not using your position to take unfair advantage of anyone."

"How you mean—take advantage?"

"Well, sort of do the right thing, and not care what people think so long as you know you've played square."

"Play square!" Julie echoed, puzzled.

Gerry abandoned further attempts at definition. It was odd, he thought, that she should have such a ring. He looked at his watch. It was midnight. On gambling nights play went on at Major Montmorency's house till the small hours.

"Well, I'll be off and have a last shot at him," he said. He patted Julie's hair. "Good night, little one."

"Good night. Good luck!" She smiled up at him.

But when he had gone the smile faded from Julie's lips, leaving two sharp, drawn, unhappy lines. She pushed the signet ring back over her finger and murmured again, "*Sale vie*!"

Gerald's face was never much indication of his fortunes,

and when Julie saw him next he was his usual bland, debonair self.

"Well, I suppose you lost, and now you go to Canada," she said.

"On the contrary, I won—ten thousand, thank you very much."

"Oh!" Julie clapped her hands and danced with delight.

"Unfortunately," Gerald continued, "Montmorency told me this morning he couldn't pay."

"Couldn't pay! But he have won £15,000 from you—he must give you that back."

"He can't, if he hasn't got it, which is what he says."

Gerald gave her further details of his interview with the professional gambler, and explained to her how there was no law by which he could recover his money. He was as badly off as ever, and Canada was inevitable.

"Tchah! He is a bad, bad man, that Montmorency," said Julie. Suddenly she threw her arms round Gerald's neck. "I don't want you to go away," she said.

He looked down into her eyes. They had in them a depth of colour and softness he had never seen before.

"Don't you, kid?" he said gently. "Why not come, too?"

Julie's breath came in quick, short gasps. She seemed fighting with something in herself. Then, as though the fight was over, she threw back her little head, and laughed up in his face.

"Canada! Oh, la-la! I don't think!"

"No, nor do I," answered Gerald, looking round at all the little signs of extravagance and luxury about her room. "Well, I must be getting along; I've got a lot of things to fix up."

For the next few days Gerald, for reasons which he hardly knew himself, kept away from Julie. It was ridiculous for him to suppose he was in love—and yet—— Why was it he so suddenly hated the idea of going away? What was he leaving behind in England that he really missed? He had too philosophical a disposition to mind abandoning the cheery company of the friends with whom he had lived his happy-go-lucky life,

once he realised it was inevitable. Canada and a new sort of existence rather appealed to him. But there was a "snag," as he put it, somewhere, and what that "snag" was he wasn't quite sure.

Then one evening everything became startlingly clear to him. He had been dining with two or three brother officers, who had insisted on finishing up the night at the Butterfly Club—the very place where he had first met Julie. Gerald knew if he went to the Butterfly he would very likely see Julie again, and tried to get out of going. The others insisted, saying if he went home he'd break up the party.

At the Butterfly Club they were given seats opposite the door. More champagne was brought, and all continued merry. Suddenly Gerald paused with his glass half-way to his mouth and stared.

In the doorway, radiant, incomparably gowned, regarded, as usual, by all eyes, stood Julie. With her was a florid man with a heavy black moustache.

"Hullo!" said one of Gerald's companions, "there's that girl who used to be a friend of yours. By Jove! she's with that scoundrel Montmorency. I thought she was more particular."

Gerald's left hand gave the least little twitch, otherwise he showed no sign. He raised his glass to his lips, emptied it, and set it down.

"Look here, chaps," he said, "I'm going home. I sail to-morrow, you know, and I've the deuce of a lot of packing to do."

Nodding to everybody, he pushed back his chair and walked towards the door. From the tail of his eye he had seen that Julie and Montmorency had a table by the entrance. To leave the room he must pass close by them. He walked on, neither looking to the right nor left. Julie's eyes he wished to avoid, and he had no desire to see Montmorency. The Major was not a man whom either a look or a word would have insulted.

Gerald was hazily conscious that he was nearly out of the room, and that the attendant was holding open the big glass door, when he felt a light touch on his sleeve, smelt a scent he had adored, and heard a voice say very softly, "*Gerrie!*"

He gave no sign, but walked straight on without turning his head.

The incident was so slight that no one except Julie's companion could have noticed. Gerald's late companions saw nothing. They were, however, talking about Julie none the less.

" I was afraid old Gerry might marry her," said one.

" My aunt! she's a hard-hearted little harpie," said another, " takes up with the fellow that broke him a week after he's done in."

" Can't anything be done to make that swine pay up? " said another.

" Nothing; if a man says he hasn't got any money, what can you do? You can't make a chap a bankrupt for a gambling debt. Loathsome-looking brute he is—look at him."

They looked. Julie and the Major were dancing together. Julie was employing all the wiles of her kind to make her companion's evening pass pleasantly. She snuggled close to him, she laughed up in his face, and—from his smiles—evidently prattled most amusingly.

Julie and Montmorency did not stay long at the Butterfly. The " Major " had another of his gambling parties that night. It is one of the anomalies of life that professional gamblers can continue to attract clients be their reputation ever so bad. None of Gerald's friends had gone again to Montmorency's flat after he had repudiated his debt to Gerald, but he had found other fools. He had changed his rendezvous, that was all, on account of gossip. This gambling party was to be held in Julie's flat that night.

Julie, of course, was a great acquisition to Montmorency. She was useful entertaining the guests—laughing, chattering, and fetching them drinks. Also her personality attracted clients. Incidentally, of course, she was ruining what little was left of her reputation.

In the meanwhile Gerald, having reached his rooms, flung himself down in an armchair and stared into the fire. Around him lay the litter of his packing preparations for the next day. His thoughts were bitter. It was futile for him to keep on saying to himself, " What else could I expect? " However inevitable it might be that, as soon

as a man was broke, the Julies of this world should leave him for someone richer, Gerald could not get over the fact that his Julie had left him for the man who was the cause of his plight. It seemed too incredibly heartless to believe.

Meanwhile, at a green baize table in Julie's boudoir the Major dealt the cards from the shoe, and Julie, her hands on his shoulder, watched his fat, fleshy fingers gathering in the notes. As the pile of his winnings increased, so did the glitter in her eyes.

"A thousand in the bank," said the Major.

"Banco!" called a weak-chinned youth, throwing down a roll of notes.

It was a great bank. Four times Montmorency left the full amount in, each time someone went banco. The end came when all the money in the room lay piled in front of him in a neatly stacked heap. One by one the other players pushed back their chairs, fetched their coats and hats, and left the flat. At last Julie and the Major alone remained.

"You've had a good evening," said Julie, fondly fingering the bundle of notes and cheques.

"Yes, I've cleared up about £12,000," said the Major.

"You are tired, I will get you a drink." Julie went to the sideboard. She took rather long pouring out the champagne, but her back was turned to Montmorency, and he could not see what she was doing. She returned with a glass in her hand, and held it to his lips.

"Drink; it will do you good," she said.

Montmorency drained the champagne at a gulp, and after a few minutes rubbed his eyes and said he felt sleepy. Julie coaxed him to sit in a big armchair.

The hours passed, and Gerald sat on in his room, gazing moodily into the fire. He may have dozed a little, when the sudden ringing of the telephone bell made him start to his feet.

"Hullo . . . is that you, Gerrie?" he heard as he lifted the receiver to his ear.

"Yes . . . who's that?" he asked, unable to believe it was the voice he thought.

"Julie. Why you not speak to me to-night at the Club?"

Gerald could have laughed at the sheer impertinence of the question.

"When you go away?" Julie continued.

"To-morrow," answered Gerald shortly.

"To-morrow! And you not come and say good-bye to me!" Julie sounded surprised and hurt.

"Well, there's not much time is there?"

"Come and see me now. I have a nice fire."

Gerald's first instinct was to slam down the receiver. Then his heart softened. After all, poor little Julie, she knew no better than to behave as she had. It was her *métier* to behave as she had. They had been very good friends once, and it would be pleasanter to part as such. He wouldn't like to leave her with a last recollection of him that he had cut her dead.

He gave a laugh. "All right, Julie, I'll come round. But it's high time we were all in bed."

In the meanwhile Major Montmorency had stretched his feet in front of him and let his head fall back sideways against the back of the chair. He breathed evenly and heavily. On the table lay piled the money and cheques just as he had left them. Julie glanced at his bloated face, and then tip-toed over to the table and began to count the money. How her eyes glittered as she fingered the crinkly notes! They shone just as they used to shine when some fresh jewel was presented to her.

A bell rang, and she hurried to the door. She opened it cautiously, peeped round the edge, and gave an exclamation of delight.

"Gerrie!" She held out both her hands. He followed her into the sitting-room. Suddenly he stopped short and stared at the figure in the chair.

"Well, I'm damned!" he exclaimed.

"He sleep; he have been gambling a long time"—Julie pointed to the card table—"and win too, you see."

"Yes, I see he has—the dirty dog," said Gerry, his disgust at finding Montmorency in the flat being temporarily obscured by irritation at the sight of all this money in the possession of a man who had refused to pay a debt of honour.

"Perhaps he pay you now," said Julie tentatively.

"I bet the swine doesn't," said Gerrie. "By G——."

A sudden inspiration came to him. "*Why shouldn't I make him pay.*"

Julie nodded approvingly.

Gerald walked over to Montmorency and shook him by the shoulder. He stirred, and half opened his sleep-bleared eyes.

"You can pay me that money now," said Gerry.

The Major yawned prodigiously. Gradually, as he stared blankly at Gerald, recognition came into his eyes.

"Come on, get up quick and endorse those cheques." Gerry shook him again.

The Major was now thoroughly awake and had got his cunning brain in working order. He realised from the look in Gerald's eyes that the latter might use force to secure the payment of his debt. There was about a thousand pounds in cash on the table; the rest of his winnings had been paid by cheque. Now one thing was clear: Gerald could not force him to sign those cheques and make them valid.

"Look here," he began, "I was meaning to square up with you. You take what there is in cash now, and I'll keep these cheques, put them through my bank, and settle up the rest with you in the morning."

He got up, walked over to the table, and stretched out his hand towards the pile of cheques. A sharp exclamation from Julie made him stop and look up. Julie stood facing him across the table; she held an automatic in her hand, pointed straight at him. Her eyes were blazing.

"Don't do that, it's dangerous," said Montmorency, laughing uneasily. He turned to Gerald—"I say, make her stop fooling and put that thing down."

Gerald turned towards Julie.

"For godness' sake, Julie!" he began.

But she paid no heed to him. Her eyes had a light in them he had never seen before. It was quite a new and desperate Julie that he saw now. A Julie of the Apache taverns of the *Halle*, who held life as cheaply as gossamer on her little finger. Gerald himself felt half frightened of her.

She said something to Montmorency in French, so rapidly that Gerald could not follow. But Montmorency appeared to understand. Looking very white and scared,

he pulled a fountain pen from his pocket and endorsed one of the cheques.

Again Julie spoke—a short, staccato command—and again Montmorency endorsed another cheque. Cheque by cheque she stood there till he had finished.

When he had finished she pointed to Gerald.

"You pay now what you owe, eh?"

Exhibiting the greatest reluctance, the Major gathered the notes and cheques together and handed them to Gerald. "As I said, I meant to settle this up with you to-morrow, but there is nothing like doing a thing on the spot."

Then he left the room.

Julie placed the automatic on the mantelpiece and turned and faced Gerald.

"I was afraid you so cross with me you not come to-night."

"Why should I be cross?" said Gerry. "You mean because you were with Montmorency in the Butterfly?"

Suddenly Julie's straight little back hunched up and she buried her head in her hands, her shoulders shook. Gerry put his arms round her, held her to him, and kissed her hair as he had done the first time they met.

"You're a brick!" he said.

"A brick! What's that?" asked Julie, rubbing her tear-stained eyes with the hand on which she wore the signet ring engraved NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

THEATRE-CRAFT

Editors: Hermon Ould and Horace Shipp

Old Wine in New Bottles

By Hermon Ould

Polly, at the Kingsway Theatre.
Bethlehem, at the Church House, Westminster.

HALF of the audience at the Kingsway Theatre expressed the conviction during and between the acts that *Polly* was much better than *The Beggar's Opera*; the other half expressed the contrary opinion with the same conviction. Both were right. In some ways *Polly* is better than her forerunner, in other ways less good. Not being at all familiar with the original work of Mr. Gay, I am unable to say whether or not Mr. Clifford Bax, who " adapted " it, has improved upon the original; but at least it can be said that his sense of period has been proof against the intrusion of flagrant anachronisms. The lyrics which he has provided have the same neatness of phrasing and fit as aptly into the lilt of the tunes as the words which Mr. Gay provided, and the new dialogue is so much in the character of that of *The Beggar's Opera* (though less bawdy) that I should hesitate long before undertaking to point to passages which might be the work of the later hand. For the story itself not much can be said, and it is in this particular that *The Beggar's Opera* beats the sequel. Without the accessories *Polly* would be a tame affair, but the accessories are so excellent that we gladly put up with the play.

Probably nobody could have more suitably arranged the music than Mr. Frederic Austin. The number of familiar tunes is not so great as the number used in *The Beggar's Opera*, and it is doubtful if the unfamiliar tunes are as good as the ones we know; but the whole of the music has been delightfully woven together, and the frequent modern touches chime harmoniously with the modern touches in the production. It would scarcely have been

feasible to retain the harmony current in the eighteenth century when everything else in the performance had been planned in accordance with some of the latest ideas in production. Mr. Austin's skill in keeping the flavour of the old tunes and at the same time surprising the listener by cunning new harmonies is remarkable. It would have been much easier to modernise the whole thing on the principle which seems to animate those composers who show their love of folk-tunes by disguising them beyond all hope of recognition.

The music does not make great demands upon the singers; it is in their ability to unite a good voice with a gift for acting that the test comes. On the whole they answer it very well. Mr. Pitt Chatham as Macheath, although he does not persuade us that he is the same strutting cock who fascinates so many hens at Hammersmith, sings well and looks well. Lilian Davies' easy and charming voice would be enough to ensure her success, but she adds to it a quietness of method and an innocence of expression which provide all that is required for the part of Polly. There is not space to refer in detail to the rest of the cast, but I should like to put in a word of praise for a neat piece of acting by Mr. Percy Parsons as Vanderbluff.

Mr. William Nicholson's setting and costumes are a delight. Less realistic even than Lovat Fraser's setting for *The Beggar's Opera*, the right mood of extravagant fantasy is conveyed simply by the use of appropriate colour and rich design. The effect of tropical warmth is maintained throughout by the use of a palette from which all cold colours have been carefully excluded: the riot of reds in many shades, from pink to puce, is ravishing. At only one point does the sense of design seem to fail—when in the last act two step-like erections are placed at the corners down-stage to enable the women of the town to get a view of the battle. This introduction of rectangles into a scene which had till that point scorned anything so rigid as perpendicularity seemed incongruous.

Apart from the ballet, this is the first important production I have seen in England in which " stylisation " has been the principle guiding the producer. The play is essentially unreal; the setting designed by Mr. William

Nicholson is unrealistic; and Mr. Nigel Playfair has had the wisdom to keep the acting almost equally unrealistic. Sometimes the actors lapse into the ordinary conventional actions of the stage, but on the whole one may say that their movements are artistically formalised, significant without being representational. This is an important innovation, and is likely to lead to a real development in the art of acting in this country. I have often wondered what the English actor would do when he came to be treated, as his *confrère* abroad is often treated, as plastic material in the hands of a producer. *Polly* provides the answer. It is true that Mr. Playfair is here dealing with actors who are also musicians and therefore accustomed to the *timing* and *spacing* of emotion; but there is no reason why an actor should not learn the value of significant unrealistic gesture and come to realise that the producer, if he knows his job, should be able to decide what is and what is not significant in its relation to the whole of a scene or a play.

From *Polly* to Mr. Rutland Boughton's *Bethlehem* is a far cry, and yet there are many points of contact. Both are refurbishings of old works, in both folk-music plays a prominent part, and both are very English. Mr. Boughton, in dealing with the old Coventry Nativity play, has been much more drastic than he was when he adapted the libretto of *The Immortal Hour*. Some of the most vivid bits of the old play have gone, but some delightful lyrics have been interpolated. The libretto (save for one indiscretion) hangs suitably together and provides Mr. Boughton with a congenial theme. Probably no other English composer is so happy in expressing tenderness and pathos, and the music for the Virgin is some of the sweetest and wistfullest that he has ever written. It is very " folky "—reminding one more of the Hebridean traditional songs than of English tunes—and remains in the head long after the performance is over. All the scenes in which Mary appears could hardly be more telling; the shepherds, straight from Somersetshire, provide a jolly contrast, and the choral variations on traditional carols, which serve as interludes, prevent any possibility of monotony. It was not at all necessary to spring upon us the violently secular Herod scene. The Herod of the Coventry play, in my reading, is a barn-storming, half-comic character—blood-relation to the giant in *Jack the*

Giant-killer. These words are clearly intended to " guy " the absurd claims of the bombastic " mightiest conqueror that ever walked on ground " :

> "I stamp, I roar, I look all about . . .
> I rant, I roar, and now run I wood (mad)."
> (Here Herod rages in the pageant and
> in the street also.)

One can imagine all this happening to the accompaniment of the delighted laughter of a mediæval audience; but Mr. Boughton's Herod, as interpreted by Mr. Steuart Wilson, is no laughing matter. He might be first cousin to the brooding Eochaidh of *The Immortal Hour* expressing himself in the idiom of the *Scheherazade*. The whole of this scene seems to me out of place. Even the quasi-Eastern music, resourceful though it be, comes *viâ* Wardour Street, and the setting is tainted with the same dubious origin. The introduction of a voluptuous dance and a quite irrelevant and passionate excerpt from the *Song of Solomon* were a flagrant indiscretion from which one escaped to the stable scene, with its quiet lighting, honest music, and unsophisticated sentiment, with an enormous sense of relief.

Of the production it is not at this point very profitable to speak. Clearly the producer was wrestling against unfair odds. The Church Hall at Westminster could be transformed by a Gordon Craig or a Reinhardt into an ideal setting for *Bethlehem*, but in its normal circumstances it is but ill-equipped for even the simplest theatrical performance. It is possible that Mr. Boughton has a preference for this amateurish sort of show, believing that something is gained in spontaneity to compensate for the lack of efficiency. It is a preference which I do not share. We can be genuinely grateful to Mr. Frederick Woodhouse, whose enterprise enabled us to see and hear *Bethlehem*, and yet feel that the work would repay more professional handling. The singing was in most cases good, and the same company in the hands of an efficient producer would be more than adequate. Even crudely produced, the work cannot fail to impress by its genuineness and (except in the Herod scene) freshness, and when somebody does for it what the Birmingham Repertory Theatre has done for *The Immortal Hour*, it will probably come into its own as that work somewhat belatedly has done.

The Lamp-lighter

By George Sheringham

We may see him—with some sense of his æsthetic mission—stringing his paper lanterns to give colour more than light to Eastern nights; or, in the West, we can remember him shuffling in haste from lamp to lamp along the darkening city streets to leave a trail of feeble flames to mark his twilit course: a great runner, this kind, though none have seen him run! yet tradition gives him this Olympic dignity; or, maybe more often now, we see him in no haste, taking his tram to the power-house, where droning engines work by day and night under its gaunt brick towers—our obelisks of commerce, there to light with a touch akin to magic an endless chain of lamps along a score of streets.

When, rubbing two sticks together in the Hackney Marshes, the first lamp-lighter produced a spark, whether it took him centuries or not so long to light a lamp, he must, one feels sure, as soon as he did so have asserted his privilege as a man by refusing to go to bed with the mastodon or to rise with the ichthyornis; . . . in fact, no doubt, he burnt his torch at both ends; and possibly, too, took a mean advantage of the sleepy mastodon by torch-light. For the lamp-lighter of to-day comes to us in an unbroken descent from this hairy thinker; nor has his function changed to any great extent—his business is still the same old business.

Evolution has been with the lamp. We know that in those first days the lamp-lighter was an indiscriminate being; indeed, he lit anything that would burn, including, on occasions, his neighbours; but by the infinitely slow process of eliminating the less inflammable materials he arrived at his first lamp—an affair of floating wicks and fat; and from this, after long centuries, his mind awoke and leapt in a few short years to the conception of capturing the gases from his coal and laboriously collecting electricity. Now, each year sees his new lamps, and each one is brighter and stranger than the one before. It is about one of these that I have been bidden to write. So now to my business.

This *lamp*, as I will call it for the moment, was conceived in the brain of Adrian Bernard Klein—artist and musician. He found that scientists had, with " eyes turned inwards," for two centuries—since Newton's day, to be exact—kept for their own restricted uses a priceless and most beautiful means of making coloured light; as though, almost, they had wished to keep it secret, like alchemists, hidden behind drawn blinds in their laboratories to use only with their little spectroscopes to study light; with their minds fixed merely on planets, cosmic nebulæ or micro-cosmic atoms, not caring apparently nor even wondering if they could not, by it, give a drab world more colour—colour in its truest sensation—or light a stage! Whereas Adrian Klein, the artist, looked outward—the habit of his training—and, conceiving visions of great theatres lit by splendid colours *from their source*, clear as the rainbow, designed a lamp that should be made . . . further—he dared to imagine crowds, hired from the musicians' thrall, to seek new emotions in the ordered rhythm of colour—in veritable symphonies of light. So, being constructive and resourceful, and not content alone with visions, it followed that he set about making the great prismatic " Klein Light Projector "—a colossus among spectroscopes. With infinite patience, and not alone—for he sought the aid of the learned firm called Adam Hilger and certain other astonished but not ill-pleased scientists—it was perfected; for together after many months they built the Light Projector. Myriad calculations, sleepless nights, much grinding and testing of huge lenses went to the making of it; but at last it was done; and though no single prism large enough could be made, this difficulty also, with a score of others, they overcame by laying five prisms together to intercept the beam from the arc-lamp and cast its now prismatic beauty on to the great lenses, to be projected thence in that band of colours that we call the spectrum.

Now let none imagine that this completed the work. No, there is more to say: cunningly adjusted shutters had to be placed between the prisms and the lenses—so contrived that they could intercept or release any portion or admixture of these pure colours—and a beam of white light, too (not passing through the prisms), but so contrived that for making certain colours it could be used to dilute the

pure colours—as a painter will thin his pigments on the palette.

Nor let any imagine that the operator of the Light Projector must emulate a jazz-band drummer. No, the inventor has provided him with a keyboard like the console of a small organ, and now, comfortably seated, he can play coloured light as a pianist plays his notes. Each ivory key is coloured in its order, and when a key is struck a shutter is withdrawn and a shaft of coloured light released.

Now, seeing that the Klein Light Projector has been so admirably constructed, and seeing that it gives such a wonderful control over light and colour, unique in the history of lighting (save for the small spectroscopes of the laboratories, to which I have alluded), it follows that our imaginations are a little stimulated, our appetites whetted, and we glimpse unexplored fields for artistic adventure in the analogies of sound and colour and in the possibilities of their combination to a single æsthetic expression. We must hope that Adrian Klein will one day, and that not too far distant, give us visual and aural demonstration of what may well prove to be a new art. But conjecture along these paths is not the purpose of these notes, which should be the consideration of the new light and its uses in the theatre.

If we were swiftly to review the history of lighting in the theatre, our comment might well be that, though the amount of light used and our control over it has shown a continued growth and improvement, yet, through misuse, this increase in power and control has but helped an æsthetic decline in the theatre, in which we have perhaps lost more than we have gained; for when the play-houses of old London were lit by flickering tallow-dips the whole stage must have been alive with shifting, furtive shadows, and these must have lent much to the dramatic effect of the whole. It is not, of course, for us to revive such lighting, but it is difficult sometimes not to regret them; for a face that appears to us now, in the rigid glare of *the limes*, as a mask with painted smile and glassy eyes might, by the light of the old tallow-dips, have some beauty; and our complacent matrons, too, might seem to step more lightly and acquire some wistfulness to charm us; . . . nor would it be without dramatic effect if the shadow of Cyrano's nose were two yards long! But it is useless to regret the tallow-

Setting by Norman Macdermott
for "Twelfth Night."
(Everyman Theatre, Hampstead.)

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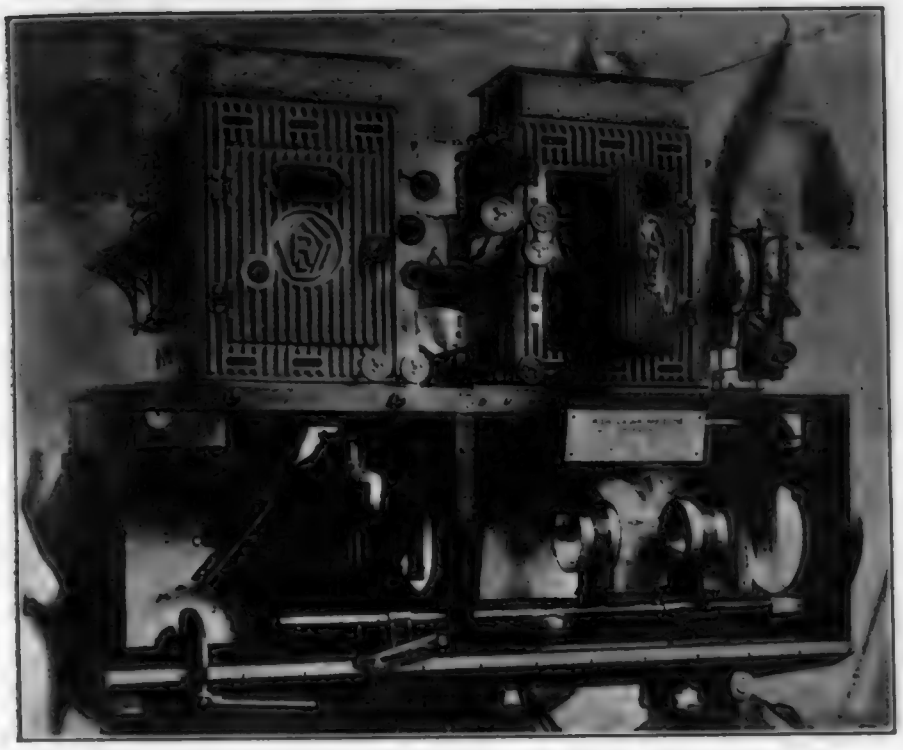

Adrian Bernard Klein's
Colour Projector
(see p. 146.)

The Klein Colour Projector.
The Keyboard.

dips, for the theatres of to-day have so outgrown such simple methods that by reason of their size alone a return to them would be physically impossible—and we have our *thousand candles* compressed, so to speak, into glass bulbs. Perhaps this achievement has so astonished and delighted us that we are apt to overlook the fact that in securing this easy way of lighting the theatre we have lost so much that was beautiful. The art of printing is in a similar case: the old methods were so incomparably more pleasing and harmonious that much time is wasted in vain efforts to revive processes too absurdly slow and inadequate for modern needs.

The cure for both these examples of rapid mechanical production, producing as they do inferior results, is a further recourse to science, that by improving our machinery it may become completely obedient and sensitive to thought. Now, it is just this mechanical sensitiveness that the Klein Light Projector yields in greater degree than any other lighting instrument that has so far been produced. With its aid all colours and all shades of colour can be produced, in succession, in any order of succession, not slowly, nor laboriously, but instantly—as instantly as the mind of the operator can stimulate his hands to strike and the electric current to travel from the keyboard to release the shutter in the projector. Indeed, this projector marks as great an advance on the coloured gelatines, dyed bulbs, and other crude expedients now in use as did the electric bulb, as a method of controlling light, on the candles of other times. And, what is more important, it offers almost endless æsthetic possibilities to a producer, let us suppose a great producer; for it places at his disposal all possible shades of coloured light with which he can, to use a metaphor, paint his scene as a great painter—with all possible pigments available for his palette—paints his picture.

Perhaps the days of the glaring, flaring *revue* are passing, and we may yet see the theatre lit subtly and beautifully in a way worthy of fine scenery, fine costumes, and, above all, fine acting. If that day does come, let us not forget our debt of gratitude to the new Lamp-lighter.

Sensation and the Theatre

By Horace Shipp

It is not without significance to those interested in theatre problems that the whole sordid business of the recent Ilford murder trial was regularly described by the Press with the term drama or dramatic. The fact that for weeks the main concern of newspapers, the foremost topic of conversation alike in the salons of duchesses and on the doorsteps of Paradise Alley, was the passion of an obscure man for an obscure woman and the murder of a third party of equal obscurity, might well send most of us to our treatises on psychology, inquiring what kind of thinking machine this human mind of ours is. The most superior kind of superior person will tell one that such universal interest was the direct reaction to a campaign of sensation engineered by the catchpenny Press. But I venture to think that it takes two to make a sensation—the Press and the public—and that four columns per day per paper for a month upon bimetallism would not span the polarity of the drawing-room and doorstep as the least hint of passion and murder will do. The strange thing is that in the present state of world currency bimetallism could be an intensely personal affair, whereas the fact that two hitherto unknown people have loved and murdered can be of no possible personal interest to anybody save the small percentage of people whose own emotional affairs are analogous. Even self-interest, therefore, takes a secondary place to this passion for what the newspapers loosely call the dramatic.

Its tragic appeal, doubtless, lies in the fact that it deals directly and unequivocally with love and hate, with life and death. Those are the universals. Twentieth-century civilisation, though we know it to be but the thinnest of veneers, nevertheless with its laws, its protections, and its conventions stands between most of us and those universal things. But now and again one of our fellows is impelled by the uncivilised man whom we manacle with starched

cuffs and chain with white collars, to throw over the restraints and to toy dangerously with love and death. And the rest of us crowd to the spectacle as the Romans crowded to the gladiatorial ring. Watching from the public court at Old Bailey, or through the pressman's eyes from our suburban armchairs, we give our own primitive selves a vicarious holiday. It is our subconscious criticism of the tameness and the sameness of our lives; it is the confession of our boredom.

Almost invariably the theatre, and indeed all art, attracts in the same way. It is the afternoon-tea taster's refuge from ennui, the factory hand's escape from the machine, the season-ticket holder's demand to have life and to have it more abundantly. In the two-hour traffic of the stage we can link up again with the elemental things behind existence which give it dignity, even though they get but little nearer to giving it meaning. So real tragedy: man stripped of the unessentials wrestling with circumstance for the things which matter. So real comedy: man's ludicrous efforts in a world of unessentials.

Much of comedy, indeed, concerns itself with our preoccupation in guarding those very conventions which themselves stand between us and the realities. Much of our polite drawing-room drama loses its basic value because it is so concerned with that world of semi-reality that it never gets through the surface of life at all. The "problem" which is little more than a question of social usage and etiquette may yield us the "well-made" play; it will not give us a great play. It is the gossip of the tea-table continued in the theatre. In society as we have made it, these very conventions may be the foremost consideration of second-rate minds, but the free man and woman—the only persons likely to have traffic with destiny—will never exalt them into matters of tragic moment. These things are ephemeral, and ideally the theatre is a way of escape from the ephemeral, either by the way of laughter or by that more austere way of pity and terror.

Much of the Russian drama, and in particular that of Chechov, has its significance in having exalted to tragedy the very fact of the ennui, the purposeless drabness of existence. In a civilisation such as ours this can be the quintessence of tragedy. These people do not wrestle with fate; they may

once throw themselves against it, and then they stand baffled, taking refuge in the prosaic monotony of everyday existence, knowing that reality has passed them by. It needs a theatre audience much more detached and introspective than any which the English theatre of to-day can muster, to appreciate the significance of such drama. I remember even the picked audience which witnessed *The Three Sisters* greeting with laughter the reiterated " I'm so tired. If only I might have some tea," which is almost a keynote to Chechov's tragic theme.

In catering for this " human, all too human " demand for a more significant and fuller life, the theatre would fulfil its function in present-day society. It could sublimate the emotionalism, the sentimentalism, the sensation-craving which now are expended on degrading murder trials and the subsequent degrading executions; it could link up with the universal. One sees this basely and unworthily achieved in the popularity of melodrama and that of the thrill-films of the kinema. Those means, skilfully used, will always get the public; they will not exalt the public.

On the other hand, one sees in Greek tragedy, in Shakespeare, in *The Cenci*—in great tragedy of any period of any people—these same elements of human will and passion, working to such purpose in the poet's hands that we cannot but feel them to be working to universal purpose. Art has always the optimism of plan and fulfilment of plan. Beauty is a terrible tidiness, where nothing is wasted or out of place.

The poet and the artist will take passion and crime and make of them a link between our minds and the big issues. He may suggest or interpret the purpose and meaning; he may content himself with clarifying and correlating the facts for our interpretation. His work may be a sublimation of existence or a criticism of ill-fitting social institutions. And with his help in the theatre we can come nearer to using the instinct which now feeds on sensational journalism and peers through the keyhole of private lives.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

Kingston Wharf

By Sir Sydney Olivier

As you steam into Kingston Harbour you have on your left hand a desolate mass of hills that at sundown stands black-purple against an incredible glory of crimson and orange and ochre and delicate apple-green; and ahead of you, where the bluff dies out at Port Henderson, that glory drives broad shafts of level colour across the banana-flats and the salt-ponds. The emerald of the mangrove fringe of the beaches is drenched with floods of scarlet; the opal of the huge lagoon, dead calm between day breeze and night breeze, burns deep beneath its shimmer into strange, dull lilac tinctures: the folded ranges beyond are olive and lake, seen clear through ruddy haze; and over the shelving plain of Liguanea, eastward, the great whale-flank of the stranded mountain shows, where it sinks towards Mona, a long, low, flaming scar of blood-stained limestone rock.

I was lying in my deck-chair on the fruit-boat as we rounded the point at Port Royal and passed the white, wooden-roofed hulk that is called the guard-ship, the barracks, and the trim red-, white-, and green-painted turrets and pinnacles of the Hospital and the Navy Yard. The sunset and its embracing transfiguration of sea and sky absolved and made offenceless for this hour their dismal ineptitude. The Fruit Company's little white fleet of banana lighters was huddled against the jetty at Port Henderson, away on the further side of the channel, black figures moving forth to them, and back, like ants, in a ceaseless stream; indistinct under the glow. Our steamer came presently to her berth alongside the jetty at Kingston, and I was to go ashore to the Club, for dinner. We should leave again about 9 o'clock, so they told us. I guessed that meant later.

I waited a little to watch the loading traffic. The sheds

on the wharf were stacked with tiers of white barrels and long, flat boxes; in bins along the further wall were ranged great piles of heavy stems of green bananas, carefully sorted in sizes and laid to await our arrival. Between these piles and the ship, diverging to the fore-hatch and the after-hatch, there coursed unintermittingly two circulating double streams of dingy, ragged figures, girls and women; such rags—such dirt—they wore. I watched them from above as they hurried to and from the iron-jawed hatches that gaped in the side of the ship, clear as day under the glare of the arc lights. I watched them, far back in the shed, set their head-clouts, two black male figures at the bins swinging up alternately, as if they were packets of feathers, the long, solid bunches, balanced unerringly. The women came with a smooth, noiseless double across the planking towards me, the heavy head-load poised, just steadied with a touch of the fingers, the face thrown a little forward, the chin raised, the eyelids dropped to the level, intent, expressionless, all but for a kind of unquestioning patience of beasts of burden, the look of all yoked animals, in their eyes. On each side of the doorway where they issued stood a negro lad with a cutlass; the runners slackened pace as they passed him, approaching the gang-way bridge; if a stalk were too long at either end of the bunch, a flick of the blade and off it flew on the planking, or sometimes there was only a pat across the hips with the flat of the cutlass. They strode down the gang plank slower. Their dresses were selected masses of rags that had once been decent cotton Sunday gowns. They were spotted and streaked now from shoulder to hem with black stains of banana juice. They hung in tattered fringes of strips, disguising all human form, except where too full a bosom strained their holding. Their colours were all the imaginable shades of dinginess.

"One! two! three! four! Tally!"

The girl half-turned at the hatch, her hand on the gang-bridge rail, crouched slightly, the sweaty, frowsy-singleted pair at the hatch-mouth caught each one end of the stem, swung it down and passed it in out of sight. "One!"

The girl shook her head, drew her forearm across her forehead, strode swiftly along the return plank, dropping one hand, as she quitted it, to take her check from the

withered old negro that sat there with his greasy hat on his knee full of small metal tokens, slipping it confidently into one of the slits in her frock, where a miracle keeps it to fructify with others redeemable at a penny for ten, one shilling for a hundred and twenty such journeys.

She gives her face a smear with a wisp of her rags, breaks into a trot and settles her cloth again on her head as she nears the stacks.

"Two! three! four! Tally!"

Girls mostly, three-quarters grown: some hardly strong enough to carry the full-sized fruit; some women, a few of them quite old, or so seeming, weazened and shrunken; they hurried up and down without ceasing, the strong male creatures swinging the fruit from the stacks, slicing the stems, swinging off down into the gluttonous gorge of the hold.

"Four! Tally!"

I went on shore: I stumbled over the rails at the crossing, where a drift of brown, dry fronds of banana trash hid them, flung out from the railway fruit cars that stood on the siding: I think I was a little dizzy, too, with my watching of that unresting in-and-out ant-hill traffic.

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Returning from the Club, two hours later, I drove back to the gates of the wharf. Men were unloading orange barrels from close-packed railway vans on to the floor of the goods shed, white flimsy-looking barrels drilled full of holes, that crackled and creaked as they were rolled across the planking and down the gang bridge into the gaping fore hatch, still swallowing there, red-jawed, insatiable. Men, too, were now heading the flats of better-packed fruit to the after hatch, to be swung off as the banana bunches had been, and vanish into the hold. The women and girls were gone. No, not gone; when my eyes had a little accustomed themselves to the arc-lights I began to discover them, propped up along the outer wall of the shed, by twos and threes, some chattering a little in sudden bursts, now and again, like sparrows settling to roost, but most of them silent, relaxed, fast asleep. They slept as they had dropped there in their rags, here singly, there together and intermingled, in corners on the coal-dust covered planks, on the scattered banana trash between the railway sidings,

against the ties. Two young girls moved uncertainly down the dark track, one's hand on the other's shoulder, with the silent, fluid, wavering gait of this shoeless, cotton-clad folk. I watched them, and followed a little to watch; they turned aside at an empty fruit-car, reached in, swept out great armfuls of soft brown litter, flung it down against a coal heap, dropped, like two children into a hay-cock, and lay still. I wandered back towards the ship; the bodies lay on either side of me, formless heaps, a dusty, pallid foot-sole, lean ankle, a shining hand, a slumbering black face distinguishable here and there in the tumbled piles of rubbish and slack, tired flesh and grimy rags. They were very tired. But presently there would be more fruit to load. So there, under the stars, they had made their encampment, and slept.

I climbed on board the steamer, and when she began to cast off went below and turned in.

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Confused noises awoke me; bumpings against the side of the ship and a kind of rhythmic grunting, that certainly had been going on some time before I was clearly aware of them. I realised that there was a lighter alongside, shipping more fruit. The rhythmic grunting developed into a rhythmic groaning chant:

"Hold him, Jim!
Hold him, Jim!"

a chant of that same honourable family as Joe Gargery's "Old Clem."

I made out that men were tossing the fruit to each other and swinging it into the hatch just below me, to this singsong accompaniment.

It went on unchangingly,

"Hold-him-Jim!"

Suddenly a voice like a reedy hautboy struck in at the top of the octave in double time, and came down in triplets, others joining in:

"Hold him, Jim! Hold him, Jim!
Hold him, Jeremiah! Hold him, Jim."

and *da capo*.

I woke up and listened, but the singing gave place to a burst of chatter, as some shifting of the lighter took place, and I dozed off again. The grunting resumed, with slight variations of phrase.

Then suddenly again the same rough hautboy voice piped out with a drawl of clear phrasing,

"We-ak me airly in de ma-arnin'!
Te-ak care Ah do-an' git le-at!"

and, as I sprang out of my berth at the irresistible thrill of it, a dozen alto voices chimed in to the time and the note,

"A'm bong'd to sta-art in de ma-arnin'
To se-al for de goh'den ge-at."

"Yo! ho! ho!" cadenced the men—and the singers clapped their hands and took up the chorus with a lift.

I looked out. They were sitting facing me in one long row on the gunwale of the great lighter, the sunburners over the hatch blazing full upon them. Their eyes were shining; their rags were glorified; they held one another by hand and shoulder; they laughed, swayed together, singing full-throated, with pleasant, harsh, reedy voices, in perfect tune and time, girls and women.

"'Twas not those souls that fled in pain . . .
But a troop of spirits blest."

The men worked below in a double line picking up from the piles of bunches at either end of the lighter and swinging them from one to another to the rhythm till they vanished into the hatch.

And the girls sang—sang for the singing's sake, in pure lightheartedness, and clapped their hands to the chorus.

"Deh ship will se-al to-morrow,
Go te-ak yo'r ticket an' freight,
We'll bid good-bye to sorrow
When we start for de goh'den ge-at.
(Yo! ho! ho!)

"We-ak me!
She-ak me!
Doan' let me sleep too le-at!
I'm goin' to se-al in de marnin'
To sing on de goh'den ge-at."

The water and the night were transparent steel-black behind them, with here and there a flash from the ripples, the bulwarks of the lighter where they sat curved slightly so that they showed, where the brilliance displayed them, like a fragment of a wider reaching circle. Joy only was in their voices, joy and laughter; they sang like singing lights, but they were of earth; their note had the roughness

of labour and outdoor living, of all that I had seen of the toil and the sleep of their sisters on Kingston Wharf. They were the same. They, too, had run their tallies—the stains were on them—had slept among the banana trash and the drays while the steamer delayed, had huddled with the men and the lads on the train of lighters, towed out, long after midnight, to meet us, human and happy.

"Reach me do-ong a dustah!
A'm bong'd to look just-re-at.
I muss not lose my lover
When I'm singing on de goh'den ge-at.
(Yo! ho! ho!)

"We-ak me!
She-ak me!
Doan' let me sleep too le-at!
I'm goin' to se-al in de marnin'
To sing on de goh'den ge-at."

I had seen and heard them before, as gangs of singing mill girls in grimy English cities; they had that unmistakable quality of work-girls all over the world, but these had the added bright childishness and guileless abandonment of their race, which made them seem a simpler, more natural and joyous thing, and the sky and the warm, deep night about them were a kindlier setting. They sang, changing their songs, till the lighter was emptied, and the foremen let it drop a little way astern, while the ship lay to wait for another.

The singing passed as before, into chatter; the talking faltered out; drowsiness herded their groups one by one into quiet. But presently, again, unpreluded, into the calm of that broody silence, there drifted another reedy strain of deliberate utterance, strangely, arrestingly true in its tonic impact. Gently, slow as a pulse, its music began:

"All-do'h I had so many, many sins——"

(the harmonies of the minor chord floated in with the same restful troublingness)

"All-do'h I had so many, many sins——"

(the fuller tide of those merging vibrations began to ripple liftingly round my heart)

"All-do'h I had so many, many sins——"

(Their sweethearts' arms were about them—the voices had purely the tone and accent of children's)

"*He has taken dem away* (rallentando) *and pardon'd*

(I had been thinking so)

"*Has taken dem, and pardon'd—*
pardon'd me!"

(It was impossible, in that moment, to feel any doubt of it).

* * * * * *

I had been dozing again, and woke as our engines started. The string of lighters was drifting swiftly past us, the tug heading for land; the labourers and singers were lounging huddled together, tired, resting, going home. Their farewell came back to me indistinctly:

"*Good-night! Good-night! we're going to bed at four!*
Good-night! Good-night! you'll never see us more!
And though the prices are so bad and bunches run so poor,
We'll meet you on the threshold in the morning!
Good-night! Good-night! . . ."

So they sang, not knowing what it was they sang to me.

For sundry of the most earnest and admirable men in the Island are seriously disheartened because the Government does not bring in a Bill to enable unmarried mothers to be made as virtuous as they can be so made in Scotland; and others write to the papers, and ask how Jamaica can ever be moral so long as the Governor (if, indeed, that is still His Excellency's practice) plays tennis at King's House on Sunday afternoons. But it seemed to me then just possible that there might be some other way than legality or Sabbatarianism out of such problems.

Five Model Men

By Horus

(5) The Citizen

HAVING passed in review the Premier, the Press, the merchant, and the artist, who is the true prophet or lawgiver, I close with the citizen or lawmaker. If the lawgiver is the *vox Dei*, the lawmaker is the *vox populi*, and precisely here, in his capacity of protagonist, or man of leading character, is evoked the root principle of democracy: "Government of the People, by the People, for the People." The citizen, or unit, is inevitably the vehicle of progress or retrogression. When, civically, he fails, the projection of the State is flaccid, for in such conditions government will lack initiative, enterprise, enthusiasm, and vision, so true it is that in a democracy the leaders take both form and purpose from their sanction. Cromwell, for example, would never have removed any bauble but for the men of theory, who were called Ironsides; similarly the order and stately progress of the Victorians were due essentially to that consciousness of civilisation which marked, if it oppressed, this people and kept before them standards of life and of belief. As an army marches on its stomach, so a nation lives on its character, which, in the final analysis, means the citizen.

The man with a vote is thus of sovereign importance to the commonwealth. Gladstone, who was a preacher far more than a statesman, derived his power from the authority of the pulpit; there were in the England of his day innumerable lesser Gladstones; his virtues and failings were of the spirit of his time, and his England struck a world note of dignity, grace, and justice because in the congregation, whether in the schools, in business, in thought and politics, in public life or in the home, his soul was a nation's soul, his gestures were national gestures, his very narrow-mindedness was a nation's inheritance.

To-day the reverse is the case. We have lost our faith, our ideals, our standards, our symbols, and in consequence there is no leader; that is, we have no national attitude. Authority has gone. So profound is the cynicism of our after-war life that no man seems to matter, dead or alive; even the most powerful among us vanish, yet not a ripple disturbs the surface of our indifference, our levity, our vast and aching boredom. We may attribute much of this to war and to the consequences of the Peace, but that is not an adequate diagnosis. Our almost complete breakdown of civic consciousness, of purpose, of enthusiasm lies in the breakdown of our national standards, in the collapse of ideals, in the loss of faith. We do not believe in men's motives. We see around us a world in chains and agony. Freed from the old foundations of belief, we have not yet had time to discover the new foundations. We are a people in flux. The only meaning would seem indulgence, the only direction absence of direction. Commercialism reigns like a god. We are a country without a will.

This portentous apathy of mind and spirit of course will not last, for such is not the insular genius. Nations decay from within, never from the top, and despite the signs of sickening and debility the core is undoubtedly sound enough. Our future will depend upon the recovering health of the protagonist citizen, or man of character.

What are the attributes of such a man, he who voices the will of the people in the conduct of human affairs? Whether he follows the plough or sits at the carpenter's bench, hews coal, works on land or at sea, in forge or factory, at the routine desk or in the counting-house, man, the individual, the undecipherable tally in a mass vote, holds the key of his country's evolution. His commonwealth is not merely an idea; it is a life to be lived, and man is its guardian. If he does not care, the whole, too, will be lifeless; if he fails to play his constituent part in the moulding and upholding of ideals, standards, principles and responsibility, that which is his will drift away from him, and as the individual ceases to matter so will the community. A democracy lacking enthusiasm is a nation without hope. Emerson has provided the interpretation. See what he writes: " Patience and patience, we shall win at the last. We must be very suspicious of the deceptions of the

element of time. Never mind the ridicule, never mind the defeat; up again, old heart, it seems to say. There is victory yet for all justice; and the true romance which the world exists to realise will be the transformation of genius into practical power."

Politicians to-day do not speak like this, or think like this. Yet they have done so, especially long ago, when men had standards of honour. Thus to-day it is almost amusing to turn to the " evangelical " austerity of Cromwell's language; to the justice and great-heartedness of Wellington and Castlereagh towards France after Waterloo, to seek no further, and if we have lost the sense of bigness or statesmanship, it is because our values have become commercial, and in the " throw-up " of a long and terrible war little but monetary success would seem worth while. Yet the spirit of Man has an essential greatness which is his supreme justification. We return to Ruskin—" There is no wealth but life." Our geographical position emphasises the point historically. Indeed, we have to be pioneers and protagonists or disintegrate. The impulse to soar is thus a quite peculiar English heritage, hence we are the poets of the world, the sea-rovers, the adventurers and discoverers, and more than any other nation we have evolved a culture which is a philosophy of life.

Not much more than hope remains, hope which " creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates." The question is: What do we contemplate? The answer must surely be new foundations of belief and measurement. In a definite sense we have to go back to the land which is the source of wealth; to the people's ownership of natural resources; to personal and communal pride in work done; to well-being as the true object of human life. Where all is commercial and competitive there can be no well-being, no growth, and no satisfaction of man's higher nature, or what we call his spiritual being. The failure to recognise this life-force in man is at the root of all the evils of existing civilisation. It is the meaning of the war between Capital and Labour; it is the explanation of the breakdown of religions which, in their theoretical insistence upon an after state, have neglected and despised man's condition in this world, derived, as they are, from pagan superstitions and practices, and founded on the

physical power of the State. Woman's liberation really derives from this collapse. She no longer fears the old fears prescribed by her priestcraft. The immortal hour is no longer death after a war in which twelve million young men killed one another.

In these articles I have sought to show that the world needs a new, a regenerating thought capable of sowing the seed of a higher condition of life in which the integrant must be the principle of a new social order making for the co-operative commonwealth. It is clear that we need a new priesthood. This will be composed of the lawgivers —the artists and prophets with " Science and her sister Poesy "; who gradually will evolve the sociological order of society and the new ideas governing industry, labour, and the profits of industry, which assuredly must be taken away from their present control, the financier. A new charter of rights is required. Thus the land, the right of the people to natural resources, to food, to what actually and indisputably it owns. In the world of to-day Art is anarchic; it cannot integrate the spirit of man, it lacks the means of educative and social application. There is literally no means for righting or adjusting other than those vested in a Parliamentary machinery which is to-day controlled by the mob, which in turn helplessly and haplessly is controlled by the machine. In these conditions the messenger is the pioneer, the protagonist, the plain man of leading character.

It is he who will regenerate England. In every village there is such a man, firm, undaunted, staunch to race; in every town there are such men; in almost every gathering to-day some such figure is to be found, awaiting inspiration. Perhaps that is the greatest difficulty. Co-operation is not our island habit, and there is no central plan. We resemble our own land going back to grass while a million and a half of the adult population live on doles, and we prepare to purchase even a higher percentage of our food than we did in 1914, and almost every farmer in the country is losing money. The reason for this absurd and uneconomic condition is our total lack of a science of life, and of any instance or machinery whereby intelligence or culture can assure application. The major position is money, therefore industry is the sole consideration. On

these lines the land will go back to the hungry 'forties and the mass of wage-earners will be forced back to a subsistence wage, and unskilled labour will once more become the basis of the national wealth. Such a prospect offers no solution. Those vested interests which would starve the land in favour of a super-industrialism are calling for the ruin of this country, for such a condition can only be the concomitant of widespread pauperism, degradation, and ultimately of revolt. And such is the responsibility of the plain citizen.

There will be no leaders until he inspires them; there will be no progress unless he wills it. In the ideal commonwealth of the future—and we must win to it or fight—co-operation will replace competition and service will replace gain. To obtain this commonwealth the first requisite is not machinery or mechanism, but purpose, for the change will not be external, but internal. Such a commonwealth is not an institution, it is life. It cannot be superimposed, it must come from the spirit of man, from that which is divine in man, and for that reason the individual is the ultimate lawmaker. As we look upon the relics of a civilisation, probe its voids and chasms of despair, sense the inchoate rumblings of the multitude, plumb the depths of servitude and scan the heights of our for the most part unworthy masters, the problem of the scientific commonwealth emerges as the great adventure before us. How to restore the well-being of man, how to equate the discrepancies of wealth, how to obtain some rational science of State, how to bring joy back to work and work back to the land—such would seem the goal before us as we face the work of reconstruction. And the greatest of these is the land. There, we integrate or fall. There, we build anew a race of free men, or decline. There, we return to the primitive rights of man or turn to face the storm which in due course must in the prevailing conditions overwhelm us. In the meanwhile, what?

Clearly, preparation; the co-ordination of mind and effort, the assembling and correlation of art and science; to some the lonely road, to many the bottomless pit, to all—responsibility. We shall regain the national character as the protagonists among us recover self-assertion, join hearts and hands to issue. Perhaps the greatest obstacle

to progress in our democracy is the delirium of a Press which no longer functions primarily as a Press, but as a business the mainstay of which are advertisements, and the circulation of which are insurance coupons. This Hydra of our post-war life threatens to swamp all individual thought, to make passion, prejudice, and levity the unknown ruler of Parliament, to reduce statesmanship to the dictates of the dustbin. A people which cannot ascertain the truth about themselves or other peoples, which is not given the opportunity to learn the true facts of a case (thus Reparations), is in the loose conditions of our Constitution, which itself is grievously torn and disjointed, in a bad way. Practically the whole " intelligent " Press of the country is insolvent. It is so because the country is for the time intellectually insolvent; has ceased to care; has abdicated. The wisest man has no authority. The keenest intellect cannot get a hearing. It has become a serious difficulty, even for a trained journalist, to find out the truth about anything. The public regards its newspapers as a " lark," and the more it is disillusioned the easier it is deluded. Every man buys a paper as a lottery.

It used to be said that the Government of England was the " bald men at the back of the 'bus "; to-day the Government is propaganda, and the man who opposes it is marked down. Only the individual citizen can lift us out of the quagmire. It is a matter of education, and we shall move forward again according to the stimulus of our growing consciousness. We are so moving. Already one can see the new burgeoning of aim and endeavour, the young hope, the welcome return of the native. And failing any higher projection, this will be Labour's educative task, and it will be successful precisely as and when it reflects the national sense, as distinct from a purely class interest.

In the years before us the citizen will be called upon to play a resolute part. He will have to make up his mind. The competitive system actually no longer pays. The whole question of poverty as an institution will somehow have to be decided on the rude principle that as the poor have no right to the property of the rich, neither have the rich any right to the property of the poor. That implies a transvaluation of values. " Government and co-operation are in all things the Laws of Life; Anarchy and com-

petition are the Laws of Death." All Europe is to-day organised on this latter basis, having as yet learnt nothing from the awful conflagration through which it has passed; nor is there much sign that our rulers see any necessity to face the problems of our Western civilisation with intelligent anticipation. Their plea is that the urge must come from within. So be it. Let the plain man of character take up the challenge. A world in ruins lies before him. A system of shams which henceforth cannot make a profit; a system of money which can inflate or deflate real wealth into a hundred per cent. or zero; a system of waste the very precondition of which is organised destitution; a system which has no system but gain or any morality but success—such is the incubus, and to-day merchants and producers, Press and Governments are its servitors, and politicians and policy are subservient to its claims, all rewards of the State and to an ever-increasing extent even all intrinsic values. The results are to-day absurd. Wealth is in pawn; the mechanism, or the banks, oozes riches which actually are non-existent. Money civilisation has become a madhouse, it has now begun to lose money. "Chartered by Providence," as we are, geographically, socially, and politically, we must build a better social order; project the Commonwealth of free, happy, industrious men; create the life of opportunity that is worth living and dying for; or prepare to fight a way through and up by war and revolution.

Tennyson

By M. P. Willcocks

A CONVERSATION worth overhearing would be one between Tennyson and Rabelais, for, since the talk must needs take place in Heaven, Tennyson would surely have sloughed his Victorianism and become the homely man he was not suffered by his times to be. The august English shade, then, still dignified in looks, but oblivious of how he used to stand on the Victorian mahogany over against the portrait of the great Queen, would be but a racy countryman, happy in breathing upland air, the man that wrote the *Northern Cobbler*, *Rizpah*, and *Ulysses*. Thus at last himself, he could sit at ease cheek by jowl with Rabelais, to whom man was but a goat-like, two-legged animal—with possibilities.

The two would talk of the possibilities. For, though the Frenchman was in life the freest of free spirits and the Englishman lived rigidly within the framework of his century, there was in both the sense of readiness for far horizons. Each of them, having a soul built for a long journey, could subscribe to the faith of Ulysses:—

> " Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
> Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever when I move.
> How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
> To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use,
> As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
> Were all too little——"

The English shine best in the first freshness of a prosperity that has been won by hard struggle. Other races seem to reach the supreme expression of personality in times of suffering: out of the torture of tyranny there once rose a revolutionary France that was clear-eyed; out of the tortured Russian heart there has often risen a passionate idealism. But England is never greater than when in lavish giving she pours forth out of her abundance. And when generosity fails, then is she bankrupt of all virtues. We hate being poor: in our true virtues there

is a scorn of small things. We hate small meals, small means, small gains. Our finest time was when our dinner-sets were gargantuan, our cellars cavernous; or when, in another mood, we took all the seas for our province. Throughout such a time lived Tennyson, in the sunshine of that period when the possibilities of industrial wealth seemed endless. His inspiration was as rounded and perfect as a poet's well could be, for the ideal of his time and of his own life was that of the true-born Englishman who takes his stand on what he has; who cannot conceive of himself as going forth naked, possessing nothing but his soul, to prove what stuff he is made of.

In their greater moments most poets inhabit a world beyond the frontiers of earth, a land unmapped by any earthly topographer. Flooding the cold dawn of classic beauty with Renaissance splendour Keats creates a region beyond the possibilities of corporeal habitation; the spirit of Shelley can trace the very winds of the spirit to their starting-point, but for Tennyson an English meadow is enough and England's story all the subject he requires. More: the England he knows is only one out of the many Englands that have been. For never was a man less touched by the chivalry of the simple England of the *Mort d'Arthur* than is the creator of the blameless king.

Tennyson's reward for this absorption in the common scene was that, when he spoke, men understood him, those men of his own time who fought the Crimean War, disputed over rotten boroughs, perfected the party system and believed in models for the people, in strong simple patterns of virtue who could be imitated by the smaller fry. In the smooth lines of his noble face, so unlike the ravaged features of Francis Thompson or the glowing fire of Shelley's, one may read the lineaments of a triumphant age when success seemed to follow effort as surely as day follows night.

For a time, that is. Yet, when the age shows promise of its end, Tennyson, great mirror as he is, begins to show wavering reflections that are full of doubt. He is like a man who, after peering into the hidden depths of a lake that is fed by secret springs, catches unaware the vision of shifting sands at bottom. His later poems, therefore, are like faint prophecies of this century of disenchantment,

when all the consolation available for us who live in it is that " he that is down need fear no fall."

It is natural that in certain moods we should hate the triumphant Tennyson. For we feel like urchins pushing our faces against the gate that shuts off some pleasant garden. Desirable fruits are there and lawns for tired feet. But, since we ourselves are shut out of this paradise, we call the people within by hard names. Smug they seem and hypocritical because they ought to have known—what we know about their foundations. In our rage we sometimes strip ourselves of our poor rags of virtue, showing our sores like beggars at the gate.

Yet in other moods we turn with longing eyes towards this self-satisfied England with all its traditions of cleanliness and courage. We even rejoice in its suppressions, in its " short way " with subtleties. In such a temper of mind we would give all the wine of modernity for one draught of Victorian ale. The Victorian achievement, its cities with main drainage and a good water supply, its perambulating policemen and organised output, seems sometimes as fine as any that human skill has compassed. From the dryness of our political desert we turn thankfully to think of rich tilth and richer looms. We want to look at something done; at something we can handle, touch, or see. For our century is cursed by a strange paradox of fate: in scientific thought we see before us unknown paths leading probably to splendid goals; yet in the world of morals we are beggared even of honesty. On the one hand we face the awful menace of the heights of human effort; on the other we seem utterly unable to drag ourselves free of the slime-pit of evil. What we crave for is a broad highway through the lowlands of common life.

Tennyson walked through these lowlands of life, and on them met the common man, took him by the hand and showed him the unsuspected loveliness of many a common thing. In no other way could the vision of beauty have been brought home to Everyman. For Tennyson stands side by side with his reader, making no attempt to drag him up the mountain gorges of the empyrean.

This power possessed by Tennyson of speaking so that the common man could understand him was a faculty he shared with the great writers of his time. It appears nowa-

days to be a lost gift, for the works of our creative writers will be on the shelf of history, documents of a time that has passed, before the mass of the people begin to realise their existence. But Tennyson and his contemporaries ignore the twilight, the borderland, of consciousness; their broad noon shines on Everyman's delight in wife and children, in founding something out in the light of day, a nation or a family; in grappling, not with blind Fate, but with a careful Providence that rewards effort. His landscape, therefore, is not the plain beyond the ether, nor the mountain-tops where are born the storm-wind and the lightning flash. Instead of these he knows the colour of ash-buds and how the yew-tree steams in pollen-bearing time. His most popular poem, *Enoch Arden*, is a tragedy of marriage where the cares of a general shop and the business of selling fish are the humble instruments of catastrophe. His primal simplicities are those of the nuptial couch and well-filled nursery. The homeliness of earth is his true inspiration, and what he sees in motherhood is the primitive motherhood of the flesh that woman shares with the cub-carrying beast: it is the " bone of my bone " of Rizpah. What he sees in his countryman is the shrewd hand at money-making: Tennyson's farmer could stand in the corn-market alongside of Chaucer's miller with the thumb.

This man, who in another age might have proved himself in clear line of descent from Crabbe, is born in a country rectory with its reticence, its decency and reservations. Here he finds cultured leisure, free from hot-gospelling, with family music and a general readiness to greet him as that divine being, a poet. At the University, with its mixture of Plato and saucer-baths, of noble thinking and simple living, his stature and handsome face, his goodness and simplicity, make him at once at home with the class that feels itself born for " the top drawer." He never gets drunk, nor did he leave a love-child in a wicked Continental city. Propriety, like cleanliness, is an essential part of the man's dignity. He is then meet for the high sanctities of the court of Victoria and Albert, but he has to suffer some plain speaking at times from FitzGerald.

This background of temperament and circumstance prepared him for the arithmetical view of human life. For

those who look thoughtfully at the condition of society can be divided into two classes, first, those who keep a credit and debit account of the total good and evil, and, secondly, those who refuse the comfort of any sort of total and concentrate on the misery of the exceptional people. The first, the arithmetical class, lays stress on the fact that existence is probably tolerable for the majority and is, it may plausibly be maintained, growing pleasanter day by day. Certainly, having regard to the enormous increase of the population under modern industry, there must needs be in existence a greater sum total of human happiness than in earlier ages, even if we must also insert in our ledger a greater sum of human misery. This was, at any rate, the instinctive view taken by the Victorians, and was natural enough, since they lived by pouring out commodities and breeding men in bulk. During the greater part of his life Tennyson shared this spirit of congratulation: the gain won by the general struggle is his subject.

To modern critics this seems a strangely ungenerous attitude for a poet. For poets are not supposed to do sums. They are expected, perhaps unreasonably, to revolt against satisfaction, to concentrate all their fire on the woe of the odd man out. How dare they, like Tennyson, take pleasure in the comfort of hall and farm while the leaders of the starving peasantry are being imprisoned and transported?

So it may seem to-day. But Tennyson in his youth undoubtedly found pleasure in sum totals, disregarding the wastage of the human scrap-heap, avoiding, too, the shifting bottom on which were built the faith and the accomplishment of his time. But as he grew older, the other, the non-arithmetical, temper began to invade his heart. Passionate revolt flames along his soul. But still he is not wholly true to it. He flings out the fire of it truly, but almost always most passionately from the lips of a degenerate and neurotic youth. The protesting voice sounds in *Locksley Hall* and *Maud*. It is not that of a man fired by social wrong, but of one who is merely querulous through an unhappy love affair, as though Shelley had learnt his generous wrath—because Harriet Westbrook proved a disappointment.

What then was the actual faith of this great Victorian?

He trusted in commerce to bless the race; he believed in war for cooling medicine against fever; he thought the world could be saved by the example of great men; he trusted—for a time—in sexual purity, of the one man one maid type, to bring in the golden age. His religion was the most honest thing about him, because in it at least he tried to face things out, to get to the bottom of them. In other matters he usually took ready-made conclusions, but in regard to Carlyle's "gorilla damnification of humanity," evolution, Tennyson took pains to get down to the bedrock facts as they appeared to the science of his day. And this religion was the only thing that stood by him to the end. He had learnt before he died that "honour sinks where commerce long prevails"; that the race of good great men seems in the upshot to be like a river lost in a sand-bank; that in sex there is something diabolic which is not to be exorcised by holy water or by all the rounded sentences of the marriage service. In its confession of dead failure the *Idylls of the King* is one of the most extraordinary books in any language. And that battle of Lost Innocence, in which every man's honesty is submerged as by a tidal wave of lust, is the cynical summary of life that might have fallen from the lips of Rabelais. In essence, in essential meaning, that is.

But over all the wreck one star still shines: it is the belief in that circumstantial evolution of man by countless ages of selection which, as Bernard Shaw declares, makes one's heart sink. One man's meat: another man's poison, of course. Or is it not, with us, that those who have long had to content themselves with husks do undoubtedly rejoice in the idea of a good wheaten loaf?

For Tennyson matter exists but as a channel through which the soul of man may come to full being. When that consummation is attained, then will humanity spurn the reeling world that served it—and escape. In the dizzy sense of incessant, age-long change he glories, looking forward to the vast promise of the immeasurably distant future. Tennyson is built indeed for a long journey. When mankind is being tortured here and now, he calmly asks:—

> "Ah, what will our children be,
> The men of a hundred thousand, a million summers away?"

But what of the children now in factory towns? What of the children now in city slums?

They must wait. Meanwhile Tennyson lived in a garden paradise. Therefore he can smoothly rise to a supreme confession of faith:—

> " Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Age of ages
> Shall not aeon after aeon pass and touch him into shape? "

The smooth metre echoes the rhythm of the ages till we seem to sit among the Immortals, sharing the glory of their eternal day, their sublime indifference to tears and blood and twisted heart-strings.

It is this faith which makes the heart of Shaw sink within him. Why is this?

Is it not that, where Tennyson sees only the result, Shaw's eye is on the method? Is it not, too, that we have a phrase " to deliver the goods "? We want the goods delivered a bit sooner than " æons away." The total may be grand, but we want some of it right here.

A glorious promise is enough for Tennyson. The comfort of it stays his soul even in the midst of a sense of general failure. Faced as he was at the end with a vision of the prevailing commercial dishonesty, with immorality and weakness, he rises on his strong wings and soars into the empyrean, guiding himself by the compass of the Darwinian principle.

The methods implied, the survival of the fittest by arbitrament of battle; the destruction of the weak; the awful blindness, as far as man is concerned, of the whole process: these he accepts gladly. For he takes only a bird's-eye view, and, so looking down, is like a man watching a bull-fight from the clouds. The bloody details escape him, and at such a distance it is possible to believe that the matador is merely bracing his courage, not feeding his lusts.

But Shaw, with the rest of us, is down in the dust of the arena itself. We are the matadors. We have seen the battle of the " fittest " fought out on a gigantic human scale. And after looking at the results we can only feel that the celestial machinery of destruction will surely catch us up before we become a spiritually minded race, and that, at this rate, the earth will be a dead world like the

moon long before man is " made," if the job is to be left to the slow unwinding of the chapter of accidents.

No; the will of man has to take a hand now. And because of the change in thought during the last half-century we are able to imagine how this can be done. First, we see all life as Will, the blind sex-will simply to come into the flesh. We see how, from amœba to man, this blind will has been seeking expression. And that will is becoming concentrated in dimly felt purpose. Like the other senses, it is apparently shaping an organ for its expression. If we go backwards into the first whirl of the ether, we see the action of a hidden will; if we look forward to " the last relay and ultimate outpost of eternity," we see the same will becoming self-conscious.

This view of destiny was closed to Tennyson. Yet he, in the dawn of the religion of evolution, felt the glory of its promise, and, thrusting back the doubts, struck the first note in the modern Hymn of Creation. He, of course, looks rather towards the Great Scheme as a schoolmaster at the opening of term may regard the time-table. But we, on our side, have torn up the time-table and taken to the road. Our Song of Honour has the old authentic note of adventure about it. We are the new Elizabethans. We, like they, are out for " great surprises " on the chart-less seas.

Tennyson could know nothing of this change of spirit, and so his last poems reflect the grave distrust in all things that ended the great Victorian epoch. Here, as always, he is the reflector of national life.

In his reverence for the past, in his lack of joy at the prospect of beginning everything over again, he is not only English, but even womanly. It is the woman's passion for the sad sorrow of the past that inspires his most perfect song, " Tears, idle tears." In that lyric there is the sense of mystery that is so rare in Tennyson, it is the woman's mystery of remembrance, of that divine despair that comes—

> " In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
> And thinking of the days that are no more."

Tennyson's true position as a poet is decided by this crucial test of mystery. The spirit of great poetry is remote

from this earth, belonging to another order of being. It comes down, or comes up, like an echo from a world invisible to our noonday. In this respect it shares the quality of certain rare dreams which live for ever in our memory because they shine in the light of another glory than the mere solar ray. There are beauty and terror in these dreams, as there are in the colour of the sea-depths in Leonardo's Madonna of the Rocks. This mystery it is that transforms the past, creating out of death and decay the beauty of the Celtic twilight, the grace of the classic world of form, and out of bereavement and loss the marmoreal dignity of the great funeral songs, *Lycidas* and *Adonais*.

In Memoriam lacks this power, all human as it is. The light of the whole poem is that of common day: there is scarcely a line in it in which the everyday man would not find reflected some mood of his own. Even the hymn to the " Strong Son of God " is no more than a vague aspiration after an anthropomorphic Saviour. The atmosphere of the whole is one long search for consolation, for some buttress against the shock of death. There is in it personal grief, the close touching of human affection. But no one's grief was ever soothed by *Adonais* or *Lycidas*. We only realise the true power of these great odes of death when we see that the child who died this hour now shares the majesty of those who passed ten thousand years ago. And in this thought there is elation, but no comfort. In *Adonais*, instinct as it is with the awe of mortality, there lives in immortal form the strangeness of a thousand partings, the wonder of a million graves. In *Lycidas* there survives, also snatched from death, the ineffable beauty of the dead world of Paganism. A man, or a world, dies and death has no sting, since beauty is born of death. In both *Adonais* and *Lycidas* whatsoever is mortal does truly put on immortality.

But in *In Memoriam* we turn our back on this heroic coldness. There is no triumph in the Victorian song of death, only that restless search for consolation which sounds like a wandering night wind. Tennyson is concerned with the purely human question, Is death extinction for my friend? Or, in another mode, Is all our hope for the future only hope for the race, and not for me? Granted that " the transmutations of the Holy Ghost are

infinite," shall I share in them all? If I, in my body and mind, sum up the way the race has travelled, so that every nine-month conception is a miracle of the world made flesh, shall I not somehow continue to summarise the long process of evolution? That is the problem which *In Memoriam* seeks to solve. The mourner asks for such comfort as the spiritualist can give him.

Tennyson halts between two solutions. For his lost friend is at once a part of all that is and yet appears at moments as a spirit who is able to make his presence felt. Tennyson is a modern who tries to make the best of both worlds. By so much is he less of a poet. It is with earthly pain that he stains the fair radiance of his spirit's greatness. Like his age, he is earth-bound.

But if in his theory of death Tennyson is earth-bound, so is he, too, in his conception of life and its ordering. Men, in his thought, were divided into two classes, the mob and the heaven-sent leaders. These leaders, standing out above the crowd, would draw towards them the simple eyes of the base multitude, who, gazing always on their tutelary Saints, would at last grow like them. From brutes these crowds would become men.

This theory was, of course, actually put into practice, and the Gladstonian Liberal was, for instance, a man stamped into a typical form not so much by a creed as by a personality of commanding strength. And certainly Albert the Good left something embedded in English life besides a generation of men now known by his name.

To rejoice in the failure of this scheme is rather devilish, for, after all, we are sadly in need of a short cut to the millennium. And in view of this theory of social evolution, Tennyson's horror when he saw practical men turning from the task of politics to follow the " wandering fires " of ascetic mysticism is perfectly comprehensible. St. Teresa would have been a dead failure if the mystic vision had prevented her from looking after the daily duties of her nuns. But it did not do so, and, in refusing to reckon with the power of the practical mystic, Tennyson, with his age, goes far astray.

For he never actually grasped the fact that man can live in other worlds than the tax-paying one: that the world of the mind is as " real " to a Newton, the world

of the soul to a St. Francis, as the one in which Tennyson's father's rectory was situated. The " divine event to which the whole creation moves " means something more than an orderly earth without war, vice, or disease. It means immeasurable powers of mind and soul in the inhabitants of it, for " we do not know what thoughts are thinkable by man." But the savage who learns to count up to four is in the long chain of conquest: he is as essential as Einstein. He is, when he is mastering a step in the mental evolution of the race, as important as the tribal chief who brings rough order where chaos reigned. But in Tennyson's view the order is everything; only when the good husbands and fathers, the far-seeing kings and crafty soldiers, have done their work will it be time for humanity to sprout into Galahads and develop the wisdom of Merlin. That revolutionary leader who declared that " the Republic has no need of chemists " would have been of Tennyson's opinion.

It is a strange conclusion for a poet, this horror of asceticism, this denial of dedication to the supreme conquest which is the defiance of the world of the senses. Yet it is pure Victorian, and that *Holy Grail* of the *Idylls* is one of the most typical fragments in our literature. In its simplicity of thought, in the rolling music of its metre, it forms a companion picture to Balzac's *La Recherche de l'Absolu*, where the philosopher who seeks the secret of matter is blamed because he failed to found a family. The noble Englishman and the cynical Frenchman bear much the same testimony to the character of the ideals which came into being in the industrial age.

And yet Tennyson refuses to leave the matter here, for, with an instinct for the truth that is strange in one whose effort was to put a fair face on the human scene, the *Idylls* end in failure, in the loss of all that had been won through hard-fought ages. And if the first foe is asceticism, the second is sensuality, lust rampant. It is a curious spectacle, this fall of the Table Round in Tennyson. The Victorians feared sex so much that they drove it as far as possible underground. But, like all hidden evil, it had its revenge. And so Tennyson's dream of a fair and noble society is broken up by the rabble rout of a nature that has been scorned and denied.

To the poet, the maker, all things are alike: life, death, pain, joy, evil, and good are all on one level to him, for they are but material which he uses to create a world that is truly transcendental. The *Cenci* takes a crime of the slums and makes of this motif an incarnate image of power and beauty. This wonder-working is, in effect, a philosophy, the supreme philosophy that a god might use who wove the complete expression of divinity out of fire from hell as well as light from Heaven. But Tennyson's sense of responsibility to the values of earth is too great to allow him to visit hell in search of copy. His prudence, the prudence of a commercial age, forbids him to trust his soul to any rainbow bridge across the gulf of existence. Is it not mad, he asks, to neglect a good estate on earth for a mere promise of the heavenly mansions?

He is, in fact, no child; he cannot, therefore, see himself as a king of infinite space. At bottom what he sees is mechanism in the universe, a mechanism that carries us onwards and upwards, yet by physical means. But the poet's breath of life comes to him from the metaphysical region, and the more closely Tennyson reflects his period, with its faith in a cast-iron system, the less of a poet is he.

Yet in the end it is Tennyson the truth-teller who emerges—to destroy, if not to build. The spiritual quest and the lust of life break up the ordered round of duty at Arthur's court. It is impossible for man to live in the narrow compass of a self-chosen sphere. Sooner or later, the spell breaks and the other worlds, the metaphysical worlds, intrude. It is the strange intrusion of these worlds that makes the close of the *Idylls* so pathetic. In the "death-white mist" all things break in pieces in Arthur's kingdom. So they had in Tennyson's thought of his age and time. At the end of his life the gorgeous palaces of Victorian confidence vanished at a breath.

A universe of surprises is ours once more.

France Scraps the Treaty

By Austin Harrison

When M. Clemenceau declared that the Treaty of Versailles was designed to " continue the war on Germany " in peace, our Premier, and certainly the Americans, regarded that statement as the sort of thing that passionate men said immediately after a terrible war, but hardly the sort of thing they meant as a contribution to the history of civilisation; in great part our difficulties with France date from that curious difference in the national psychologies of England and France and their complete misunderstanding. The French are the most logical people in Europe, we are the mystics of the modern world. The French intended the peace to be war and for that reason imposed penalties which they knew were fantastic; which they knew must lead to default, thereby bringing into operation the true meaning of the clauses of guarantees, namely " security," by which term the French imply the control of Germany's supplies of coal and the break-up of the Empire of Bismarck.

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But at Versailles M. Clemenceau, who knew America, had to proceed warily. Mr. Wilson was an idealist, he would never have signed a treaty of mediæval robbery, and as M. Tardieu had proclaimed that the Treaty contained more punitive, repressive, and penal conditions than any other treaty in history, M. Clemenceau let it go, knowing full well that its breakdown was inevitable and that then France could proceed on her own and finish off her old historical foe. Mr. Lloyd George, opportunist, thought otherwise. He reckoned upon the healing process of time; upon the inducements of " good " money; upon reason. He thought the French would " come round," and the deadlock which has existed ever since between us and the French over Reparations has simply been a trial of strength of our respective national mentalities in

respect of the treatment to be meted out to a defeated enemy by a victorious world in the twentieth century. At Genoa Mr. Lloyd George seriously sought an issue which France absolutely wrecked. The next step was our Premier's discomfiture. Paris determined to unhorse him —he fell at the bidding of French machinations, thus letting in here a Conservative Government which Paris expected would be sufficiently amenable, or indifferent, to permit the execution of the French policy of " disannexation " on the lines of Napoleon's confederation of the Rhine.

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All the economic conferences, talk, wrangling, and schemes indulged in since 1919 have been purely so much beating of the air, so far as France has been concerned, for the one thing France has aimed at, as we have insisted upon in these pages ever since the Treaty, is the avoidance of any solution which would *settle Reparations*, thereby freeing Germany from her throttle-hold and so frustrating the carrying out of her military policy of " security." Thus when the German trade unions offered to restore all the devastated regions, France summarily refused; similarly, she has rejected all plans for a moratorium, all schemes for an international loan. The truth is, Reparations are quite a secondary matter to her. France is self-contained; she can entirely feed herself; she is economically robust and solvent; the financial *débâcle* of all Europe does not trouble her. As M. Loucheur, who is regarded as the successor to M. Poincaré, put it, Germany must " *sauter* " (smash), after which France can begin to think of European recovery. It is well to follow M. Loucheur, whose important speech on November 8th has been circulated as propaganda verbatim in this country. He too is all for the Rhenish Napoleonic Confederation, only he sees it not so much as a French province, but as a *buffer State* guaranteed internationally, perhaps by the League of Nations. The French League, of course, not Wilson's. His plan is military—financial. It is to detach all the Rhine Provinces from Germany, expel all Prussian officials, and to introduce the franc as the unit of money, which, in his opinion, is a workable scheme, provided Britain, for example, would guarantee, that is fight for,

such a buffer State. He apparently thinks that no one "could oppose" the internationalisation of the Rhine Provinces. He wants a permanent international military force. He intimated that the French Army could be suitably trained and maintained there just as well as in other parts of France. The main thing, he said, was to protect France from any further German danger.

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M. Poincaré, having got rid of Mr. Lloyd George, has now proceeded to carry out the real plan of the Treaty of Versailles. It was outlined in detail by M. Dariac, who was sent by M. Poincaré to report on the economics of the Rhine Provinces, and its purport is to cut out the coal centre from Germany, so as to disorganise her industries, expropriate the industrial magnates, and then, when Germany collapses, to restore the old Napoleonic Rhenish Confederation, the idea of course being that the starved German miners will in the end prefer the French franc to the worthless paper mark. As M. Dariac explains, the troops of Louis XIV., of Louis XV., of Napoleon succeeded one another there. Thus the French object is to revive the annexationist policy of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., regardless of the *débâcle* which the latter foretold with such prophetic justice. What we are now witnessing is the realisation of France's chronic historical dream—the military domination of Europe, based upon the break-up of the German Empire and the creation of a Catholic military alliance pivoting upon Poland in the east, while the rest of Europe is reduced to Balkanisation, primed to jump at one another's throats. As Germany must default, France expects ultimately to have to occupy Berlin, when, it is thought, Bavaria, seduced by the prospect of being permitted a king, will secede and eventually link up with the other detached Catholic German secessions in bitter hostility to Prussia, whom France is mortally afraid of. In all this Reparations play no part at all. The French policy is disruption. Quite logically, they no longer care about the fate of any country's paper moneys; the mechanism of credit is broken. They intend (1) to obtain military security; (2) to establish the franc as the unit in Europe; (3) to permit the recovery of Europe only and if the first of these conditions is assured.

We go back to the European constellation which it was Cromwell's life-work to prevent—in his day the danger was Spain; and perhaps the most singular feature of the present position is that it is due to the two Heads of the Anglo-Saxon Protestant worlds, themselves both protesting dissenters of the Cromwellian type, that this revival of a Catholic military hegemony has been brought about, in which Italy, however unwilling, is in self-interest entangled. At Versailles the work of Cromwell was undone. America, as was inevitable when the facts were known, refused to ratify the Treaty, as a consequence leaving England to guarantee the new Louis XIV. Empire of France or herself to cut loose. For four years we have tried to face both ways, pretending that all was well, but now the decision has fallen and Europe is aflame. We go back to the war conditions of 1914. The Treaty of Versailles is broken —broken by France; rejected by America; to-day recognised as unworkable by England. It is another Franco-Prussian war pure and simple. France, with an army of 800,000 men, is mistress of the situation, for Germany is unarmed, defenceless, and reduced by war, famine, and disaster to a country whose men cannot physically fight, and may not, by Treaty, even maintain a submarine, an aeroplane, or a General Staff. France never had such an opportunity to wreak her vengeance. She knows that America will not fight her, that Britain's policy is to look the other way, that no Power can oppose her, and she has the courage to ignore the bankers' financial mechanism or the policy of the gold standard, which necessarily consists in restoring Europe to a credit basis under the benevolent ægis of good American money. Even Napoleon never had so easy a thing before him. With the sword for Prussia and the franc for the enslaved miners, France carries a twofold weapon. If the Germans show resistance, they will be shot down. Bavaria will be offered a king, the franc, and an army. The Rhine will be offered good money, a treaty, and a Rhenish nationalism, and eventually France reckons that we shall acquiesce, eat our historical heritage, and for the sake of harmony even undertake to legitimise the Rhenish Confederation under the auspices of the League of Nations, which France *de facto* controls. The French will do this job efficiently. It will

be meticulously military in detail. The French soldiers have been instructed in their attitude towards the good Catholic Rhinelanders. Blacks will not be requisitioned, nor, this time, brothels. The military part will be carried out scrupulously and punctiliously—" to the last button," and the Rhine Province will be asked to turn itself into a Republican Ireland fighting for liberty against Protestant Prussia, who under Frederick the Great usurped the " national " rights of the Rhenish people.

* * * * * *

So ends the farce of " self-determination," and whatever France may think or do, so ends the monstrous Treaty of Versailles. What are we going to do? Powerful financial interests in England favour French policy on the principle that one man's ruin is another's fortune, and that as Germany cracks and is unable to export, we shall step in and collar the markets. And such is the reason for the " better trade " prophecies of high finance. In a sense there is truth in this expectation. We shall sell coal; " heavies " will revive; industrials will go up; for a short period we may have quite a little splutter, and Mr. Bonar Law's " tranquillity " will have come off. But this can only be a short-lived, because entirely artificial, prosperity. Europe will slowly but gradually catch fire. Already we see one consequence in Memel; Roumanians and Hungarians are getting ready for their inevitable war; Greece is preparing to fight in Thrace; Italy is looking round frantically for a policy of success; the whole financial mechanism of Europe will crash under the experiment; Russia is an incalculable factor; the oil of Mosul blocks peace with Turkey; finally, America may be goaded into taking an attitude. We are going to see a remarkable year. As France finds her difficulties increase—and they will—she will be stung to coercion. Her army will go deeper and deeper into Germany and " incidents " will grow. The terrible hate engendered in a desperate people like the Germans must lead to trouble; French soldiers will be attacked, and then there will be reprisals. The adventure will probably end in Berlin with practically the whole standing army of France on German soil. Those who think we can stand by and just take our profits are making a disastrous mistake. Our honour is engaged. The words of our soldiers are

engaged. Principles of civilisation are engaged. If we meekly look on while France ravages and breaks up a nation which laid down its arms to the world on definite pledges given by the Anglo-Saxon civilisations, the war will have been fought in vain; we shall have lost the war morally and internationally; we shall have signed away the very soul of international law;

We return to an almost exact parallel of Europe after Jena, when Napoleon set up the Rhenish Confederation. It consisted of 20,000,000 Germans compelled to contribute 150,000 soldiers to France; it lasted till 1813, when the example shown by the peasants of Spain fired the Germans to Nationalism. The Clemenceau Treaty is based on Napoleon's policy of "indemnities," which consisted in imposing unfulfillable conditions in order to exact the territorial penalty, and had the Anglo-Saxon representatives at Paris known the history of Europe they would not have signed a Treaty which restored the Napoleonic policy of dominating Europe, denounced by Fox, in the Parliament of a century ago, as—"robbery." It will be impossible for Britain to ignore the true meaning of French policy. Lord Rothermere seems anxious to see the franc crack—it may be the best way; the French hope to get English financial interests involved in the great coke and coal scheme of the *Comité des Forges*, which would make France mistress of "heavies," of coal, and of industrial Europe. She may succeed for a brief time. If so, following the new Prussian Tilsit of 1923, Waterloo the second will be the sequel, and pending that deliverance all Europe will look to war as the only, and the necessary, way out. If Mr. Bonar Law's Government does nothing but meekly look on, our only course is militarism and an unrivalled striking Air Force. Once more we can say with Pitt: "Roll up the map."

The War on Editors

MANY people must have learnt with astonishment that *The Nation* had been sold over its editor's head to a Manchester group of Liberals. Thus ends yet one more great editor. For fourteen years Mr. Massingham had edited that weekly, had made it the great expression of free Liberal opinion. Mr. Massingham is still perhaps the finest journalist mind writing: splendidly courageous, unswerving on principle, brilliantly sane, unbuyable. Now, he too is bought out. He joins the necropolis of the unemployed editors—A. G. Gardiner, Alfred Spender: the three best writers in the British Press. Not wanted. In *The Observer* a few weeks ago the fitting commentary was made—it must have been written by Mr. Garvin. Thus opinion is quashed. Thus Fleet Street is impoverished. The party which Mr. Massingham has served so finely for thirty years—buys him out. England is controlled by finance. Liberalism no longer has a writer. What it has lost it can never buy, either with gold or "Insurance coupons."

Organising Industry for Service

By Malcolm Sparkes

"An appeal to free service may still be regarded as a 'leap in the dark,' but I prefer to regard it as a 'tremendously big' but splendid 'adventure.' . . . Moreover, we must adventure boldly and at once. Time is against us, and the old order is dissolving into anarchy much faster than we are at present building the new. . . . I believe that men will work for an ideal, as they can no longer be made to work for fear. And if I am wrong, who then is in the right, and what hope is there for society at all?"—G. D. H. COLE, *Chaos and Order in Industry*.

I OFTEN wonder why it is that hardly any of the Guild advocates ever play their strongest cards. We hear a great deal about the elimination of the master class, the overthrow of capitalism, the abolition of the wage system, and so forth, but on the central motive of the whole thing—the organisation of industry for service rather than for gain—there is almost silence.

I am, however, convinced that the real drive of the Guild idea—the power that draws men of every grade in industry so strongly to its side—is far more than a demand for a new status or for the right use of surplus value. That is only a part, and a comparatively trifling part.

The real call of the Guild is based on the conviction that here, at long last, is the beginning of an industrial system that is worthy of our best and gives full scope to those creative faculties that have been crushed for generations. Properly stated, I believe that the Guild idea is inspiring and creative, and is big enough and fine enough to win upon its merits; that it needs no threats to help it through, and may even be retarded by such methods. Opponents have declared that this attitude is fundamentally pacifist and is therefore constantly up against the difficulties of that school. They suggest further that the Guild movement thinks in terms of peaceful change, yet advocates proposals that involve war.

Our critics believe that force is the only way to secure the end in view. I believe that an attempt to force men

to work under new ideas they neither understand nor approve would set back the clock for a generation. My main criticism of the advocates of change by force is that their method is much too slow. I am convinced that it is far more important to build up the foundation of a new system than to set about the destruction of the old. To argue that we must destroy before we build is quite misleading, because the present social and industrial system is not a rigid thing of bricks and mortar that must be disintegrated before it can be changed. It is much more like a whirlpool of conflicting currents that may be deflected and even reversed by a powerful stream of new ideas, if properly directed and assisted by experimental demonstrations. I may be wrong and the critics may be right, but I am prepared to race. For that is what the contest really is. Industry organised to render service must show a clean pair of heels to industry organised to distribute gain. The moment that happens the struggle will become a battle of ideas and not of classes, and it will become increasingly possible to secure for the best idea the services of the best men.

Let us examine a little more closely the real meaning of the phrase " Industry Organised to Render Service." It means clearly that industry must be organised not to get service, but to give it. We have tried organisations controlled by shareholders to get dividends; by customers to get commodities, as in the Co-operative movement; by citizens to get municipal or State services. But in every one of these forms of organisatión the service is finally controlled, not by those who serve, but by those who are being served. Labour is merely a commodity, and the shareholders, the customers or the citizens have the power, not only to decide the conditions of employment, but also to terminate it at any time. Contrast this with the Guild conception of an industry as a self-governing democracy of organised public service—a great union of science and skill to do the work better than it has ever been done before. Add to this the knowledge that the Guild intends to guarantee its workers against every contingency, believing that it is only when the fear of unemployment is removed that creative enthusiasm will come into its own. Supplement it with the transformation of management into leadership,

deriving its authority no longer from shareholders, but from bodies elected by the whole *personnel* of the service, with all the possibilities of comradeship that that embodies. Add to these the provision that all surplus earnings must be devoted to the improvement of the service by way of increased equipment, reserves, technical training and research, and must never be distributed as dividends. And finally the call of the greatest task in history—the transformation of industry from a sordid scramble for material gain into a great and splendid adventure—and you have got a glimpse of an industrial system beside which every other form seems dull and unimaginative.

It is of course true that many of the Guild assumptions are unproved. They cannot be proved by argument, or indeed by any method, except that of actual experiment. This is why the rise and progress of the Building Guild is of such vital importance for the future of our industries. It is a trial run of the principles in action. If it can show results both in craftsmanship and cost that are better than those obtainable under any other system, then it will have laid the foundation of a swift and scientific industrial revolution big with promise for the future of civilisation.

The British Building Guild is a limited liability company whose shareholders are elected by members of the building trade unions. It is only two years old and has not yet proved its case. It has, however, actually launched the first instalment of a new industrial system organised to render service and not to distribute gain, and has brought it into action on contracts valued at £2,500,000.

Several of the Guild theories have already proved themselves to be true in practice. Probably the most striking of all is the revival of real craftsmanship. Housing authorities on every hand are agreed that on Guild contracts the quality of the work in all trades is better than that obtainable under the ordinary contractors. The roughcast at Walthamstow is said to be the best in England. The scullery brickwork at Greenwich is considered by some to be superior to the outside facing work on many other housing schemes. Carpenters have declined to build defective timber into the houses and have secured better material. This keen supervision by craftsmen over their

own work is, of course, far more effectual than any kind of outside control that could be devised.

Another very important piece of Guild theory is greatly strengthened by the fact that the policy of continuous pay in sickness, accidents, bad weather and holidays—which is in force on all Guild contracts—has not increased the cost of production. It is admitted that this scheme of industrial maintenance is only partial and must remain so until the building industry as a whole is prepared to follow suit and establish unemployment pay in every contingency as a first charge on production. But this cannot be far off. Indeed, its arrival will be greatly hastened by the extent to which the Guild is able to set the pace. Already the building trade unions—fired by the Guild's example—are putting full industrial maintenance at the head of their national programme. Industrial maintenance secured in one industry must spread with great rapidity to others. It is in many ways the key to the whole position, for it will bring an entirely new status to the industrial worker, and will set him free to devote himself to the rebuilding of his industry upon the lines of self-governing public service.

Much, however, still remains to be done. Many mistakes have been made, and as a rule they are new mistakes. There is no charted path, and the only way to get the system right is to keep on trying different ways. Finance is still a great problem. The original advances made by the Co-operative Wholesale Bank are being steadily paid off as the housing contracts are completed, and the raising of loans from a multitude of individual subscribers is by no means easy. The whole organisation will need much overhauling before it can win through. The policy of the single legal entity—the National Building Guild, Limited—owning and controlling everything, is now seen by many Guildsmen to be too slow in its action—too conservative—too exclusive and too rigid.

My own opinion—and I know it is shared by others—is that the Building Guild must make a much stronger appeal to men of technical and administrative skill. To do this it must develop what I will call a Guild alternative to ordinary capitalist private enterprise. It must work out a standard code of rules, which will enable anyone with the requisite qualifications to enter Guild enterprise on his

own initiative with chosen associates—to become, in short, a Guild contractor instead of a capitalist contractor.

This is not at all an impossible dream. The standard code would ensure that the board of directors for a Guild contractor should be appointed, not by a group of capitalists, but by the various functional organisations in the industry—the architects and technicians, the administrative workers, the operatives. It would link all the different Guild contractors together by giving them representation upon a central society, which would do the whole of their insurance, and would also organise and develop the bulk supply of the principal building materials. It would provide standard salary scales for management commensurate with the size of the undertaking, and would make sure that every Guild contractor should contribute his quota to a central fund for unemployment pay. Finally, it would lay down as fundamental that the surplus earnings, after paying a fixed rate of interest for the hire of capital, should not be distributed in dividends, but should be reserved for specific services, for technical scholarships, for research and development, for improvements in every direction.

I believe that it is along these lines that we shall get industrial revolution by consent. We shall develop an exciting race between industry organised to distribute gain and industry organised to render service. To all men of creative ability the latter will make an almost irresistible appeal, and wherever the creative impulses are stronger than the possessive it will win support.

We may be told that this hope is groundless and that the master class will never abdicate. But the men who enter Guild service will not regard it as abdication. They will be men who have caught a glimpse of new industry in the making, and are keen to help it forward with every ounce of their energy. For the old industrial system is breaking down before our eyes. It is not good enough for human nature, because it does not appeal to the best.

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Books.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. By E. T. RAYMOND. Collins. 15*s*.

MR. RAYMOND has many qualifications for biography. He writes fluently; he is a natural observer of men; he thinks, and so this is about the best book we shall get on Mr. Lloyd George until the time comes to deal historically with that wizard personality. Mr. Raymond compares him with Diocletian, not, perhaps, a fortunate parallel, for the subject of Gibbon's history was the " decline and fall " of an empire—but we will not continue the implication. In this book, the author is clearly " out " to deal with a hero and omits too much. Certainly no man who signed the Treaty of Versailles will historically receive the name of " statesman "—the " Big Four " are already swept aside, and the only hope for Europe is that the Treaty also should be thrown over, as inevitably it will. But Mr. Raymond preserves his judgment, and his summing up is generally acceptable. The truth about the ex-Premier is that he is a splendid fighter, a great politician, but essentially non-constructive, and because of that lacking sense he failed dis-

mally over the peace. This is a far better book than Mr. Spender's, and though in no way authoritative in point of judgment is a good, thoughtful work.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY. By ROBERT LYND. Grant Richards. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

WHEN the printed page is so fashioned that, after the first few words, it begins to melt, becomes transparent, and dissolves away into a finer air, then one knows that one is in good company with a friend in whose charge one is comfortable and interested. Seeing things with his keenness of interest and listening to talk worth while, one begins to figure this comrade's self—not a bit as he really is, probably, or perhaps just as he essentially is. Never with a pen in his hand or any smell of the lamp about him, but in that magical country like this everyday world seen anew. Mr. Lynd has this gift. Even on opaque newsprint, with linotype setting, he can do it, how much more then when paper is white and type sharp and black are they dissoluble into the stuff that delights. These essays, if that be not too stiff and formal a name for them—it depends upon whether you prefer Bacon or Lamb—about birds and the open air—Solomon in all his glory is a kingfisher—or on topics of the day, visits, places, and happenings, have the double spell of themes that are sharply in the writer's mind, and a gift of unhastening excursus into loop-lines and byways which give more than was bargained for, and lead with added zest to the appointed end. You cannot but be at home with such unaffected discursiveness, not thus do the pretentious or solemn talk, and though they may please the formalist more, and gather dust upon library shelves, they remain pontifical, inhabiters of austere spaces, robed and crowned for great moments and serious considerations, not the hodden grey friend who will lie upon the turf with you, go to a race meeting, or sit upon the bench of a pub. or a penny gaff. These twenty-seven papers make a most companionable book, because Robert Lynd is at once earnest and modest, a wit, and a lover of men and things—common men and common things, as well as the rarer and more delicate sorts. The most unliterary person in the world would find amusement and comradeship in them, because they are so well written that the surface of the picture never arrests the eye, and, to continue the figure, there is no parade of accomplished brush-work to make men wonder—here, at least, the style is the man.

ADVENTURES SOCIAL AND LITERARY. By DOUGLAS AINSLIE. Fisher Unwin. 21*s.* net.

MR. AINSLIE, of the Dight Gordons (two tartans), ex-diplomat, poet and man of the world, here writes his feminiscences. He thinks with the aloofness of the Victorian, with the pose of the man who has never had to earn his living: he moves as and from Eton, *i.e.*, with the Republicanism of the aristocracy. Urbanity is the note: the drawing-room is his gambit. He surveys life from the "heart-break" house of fashion and quality, and the almost comic atmosphere of this cult, as it appears to-day, raises it to distinction. It seems a pity that Mr. Ainslie could not forget that he is a real "gentleman," for then he might have

slashed out a bit, as he could, and told us many more good things. For his career has been varied; he has known a great many people; he belongs to Parnassus. Mayfair will read, but such distinction will unfortunately restrict his circle.

THE NEW IDEALISM. By MAY SINCLAIR. Macmillan. 14s. net.

MISS SINCLAIR comes to the rescue of the ancient citadel of Idealism. Seeing its obsolete defences powerless to protect it against the terrific onslaught of the "New Realists," she arrives, dauntless, thorough, armed with modern weapons of precision, to save from destruction whatever may be worth saving. She sees the Hegelian Absolute in pitiable plight, for ever revolving hopelessly upon itself; the transcendental idealism of T. H. Green utterly out of touch with the amazing accounts of physical and organic life to which philosophy can scarcely be indifferent; and even the hard logic of Mr. Bradley unresponsive to the questions that must now be asked.

Unlike most students of philosophy, she spends less time in examining the contemporaries of her own school than in the zealous effort to master and appreciate those of the diametrically opposite school. For her it makes all the difference that the "New Realists" have arrived. She even seems to suggest that it is a really new problem that they have stated, whereas her own argument and confutation go to show that it is the old problem that they have re-stated in modern language, and that it is by the old "Idealism" that they are to be countered, expressed in new and perhaps more elastic terms.

Broadly speaking, the whole of philosophy is divided into two camps, and we may take our choice between believing that one has always been utterly wrong, or that they stand to each other in some such relation as that of concave and convex. Commonsense, or the faith of the unsophisticated man, gladly accepts both views, and is not worried to choose between philosophic incompatibles; for the ordinary man, a stone is just a stone, and has nothing to do with our knowing it to be a stone; but equally real to him is such a spiritual fact as his own freedom to choose. He is a realist and an idealist all in one. But the trouble for the philosopher is that he wants to be one or the other, but not both. Either he wants a world which has an objective reality depending in no way upon consciousness, or a world which has no reality except in consciousness.

Materialists of the Haeckel type, who seemed to have made no study of their opponents, were not difficult to dispose of; nor was the position carried much further by the English adapters of Haeckel, such as Dr. Maudsley. The Pragmatists were more useful, if only because they showed that the Hegelians were much too smug and self-satisfied. But men like the brilliant Professor Alexander, and the careful and ingenious Professor Whitehead, have cast their net more widely—and they have understood their enemy. They were able to make the most of truths which science has revealed—the existence of matter, for instance, æons before there was a conscious animal able to apprehend it; the existence of physical forces and movements which cannot be recognised by the senses; wave-lengths not discerned as such, but without which there would be no sensation, for example, of colour; neural

processes through which stimuli from without react on the brain and "cause" perceptions.

Miss Sinclair is dialectically successful when she is dealing in detail with the arguments of Professors Broad and Whitehead—there is even too much powder and shot in her dialectic; but she is only following the tradition of logical controversy. In her estimate of Professor Alexander she is better—disinterested in her search, she is almost carried away by admiration of a philosopher with whom she is poetically in agreement, and logically in disagreement. How not, as artist, admire that conception of pure Space-Time which, miraculously for Miss Sinclair, gives birth to matter, and that in turn to life, to conscious mind, to deity, in a perpetual *nisus* towards a perfection which is never realised? How not admire a materialism, or a "realism," which ends in the poetical certitude that "All we are the hunger and thirst, the heart-beats and the sweat of God"? (How much even the philosophical estimate of philosophy is in the long run determined by poetical sympathy!) But we are faced with the fact that Being for Professor Alexander has nothing to do with Being known. Even mind itself, when it emerges, "is expressible completely or without residue in terms of the lower stage, and therefore indirectly in terms of all lower stages."

I cannot attempt, in the space available, to summarise the argument. Miss Sinclair has not lost her opportunities of exposing the weakness of her opponents—What about this *nisus* towards deity? Is it not already immanent, at the least—this divine consciousness—in the most rudimentary beginnings of Space-Time? How account for the categories, how explain memory and anticipation, how hold any one part of your universe to any other part? How see your whole as a whole, or any part as a part? How recognise any identity or any difference, without a consciousness which relates, creates, and wills? These are the old familiar arguments for the idealist, and I need not repeat them or re-state Miss Sinclair.

What is valuable is the clearness with which she brings out her distinction between primary and secondary consciousness, a distinction by means of which she reconciles the philosophic irreconcileables, to which I have already alluded. "Primary consciousness is the whole block immediately present in consciousness, before reflection, or judgment, or any sort of secondary awareness has got to work on it." The secondary consciousness is that which reflects on that already given in the primary. We need not think of the objects which are the "content" of our consciousness as being distinct existences attested, as Professor Alexander says, by experience itself. It is "a truth," he says, "which a man need only open his eyes to see." Miss Sinclair replies eloquently:—

> "When I open my eyes I see a field of yellow charlock, very bright in the sunshine, and beyond it a line of trees, and beyond the trees a steep range of many-coloured fields, and beyond the fields a very pale blue sky with shreds of white cloud drifting across it. It is not until there is a definite click in my consciousness and I am conscious of my consciousness, that I can distinguish between it and these things. And this, I maintain, is a distinction between consciousness and consciousness, and not, as the realist assumes, between consciousness and things."

This is not put forward as a new conception in philosophy. And we

may go back to the old German philosophers and to our own Coleridge for that conception of an "ultimate consciousness" which embraces in its knowing the objects we never see, the past we never knew, the future we have not yet envisaged, as well as the objects presented to us in our primary consciousness. Miss Sinclair is telling us once again the old story of *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*, the divine consciousness imposing its form upon a world of its own imagining, and the human mind in its limited and finite way expressing itself through the material of nature, having "the same ground" as the mind of God. The problem of omnipotence and the problem of evil she dismisses rather cursorily and not quite satisfactorily.

I can think of a good many posers which she might have answered if she had found space to deal with them. This ugly little vase which I see on my landlady's table—it seems to be, according to argument, a little bit of God—whereas I am quite sure it is imposed on my consciousness by the ugly will of my fellow man. And supposing most of the objects which are the content of my primary consciousness are introduced there by the agency of my fellow man or a multitude of finite spirit agencies, good or bad? Or, supposing they are presented to consciousness by an evil God, or a God half-good, half-evil, or merely jolly and mischievous, like "The Man who was Thursday"? Why must God, even if omnipotent and omniscient, always be supposed to be good? If you say, Whence our ideals of perfection?—is it not a fact that some of the best men detest ideals of Victorian perfection, and shrink from the prospect of immortality conditioned by a perfect God? What about attacking, on one or other of these lines, the problem of evil which Miss Sinclair has almost shirked? But the job she mainly set out to do—to expose the realists—she has done with great thoroughness, courage, sympathy, and zest. It has been no small undertaking. She has succeeded in appreciating both parties to the age-long controversy; and she has enabled us to see more clearly than before the fundamental, probably temperamental, division between the two principal contending schools of thought—a division which itself, surely, ought to be a subject of philosophical inquiry.

R. A. Scott-James.

FICTION.

Piracy. By Michael Arlen. Collins. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Arlen, the man who matriculated, so to speak, with an essay that not a few men attributed to George Moore, now reaffirms his position as psycho-analysist or pathologist of the "right" set, otherwise fast, and knows his job. That is to say, he is well equipped to deal with the types he portrays. He has wit, deftness, experience, and philosophy. He is neither seduced by his victims nor victimised by his seducers; and he has invented a new form—that of the screen. He writes as the scriptors of the "electric" indent their pictures, with pleasing effects. If it is a pity that he has journalised his novel by constant references to living artists, he holds because he writes from the inside of his circle; he really has lived the lives of his puppet-show. He may be writing his own love-affairs for all that we know. Hence the interest, the pace of which accelerates towards a romantic finish, which shows that the author understands the serial. Despite certain *longueurs* this is a curiously fascinating book.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

AS THE WIND BLEW. By AMELIE RIVES (PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY). Hurst & Blackett. 5*s*. net.

THE wind that blew in this volume of collected poems was the wind of the spirit going where it listed from Old Virginia to the Balkans and on to Great Babylon, blowing with all kinds of music, "no pianos though," giving often marvellous notes of fantasy and sometimes of exquisite tenderness. Adventurous, variable, with rhyme or with rhythm, even with the primitive stateliness of cuneiform prose. A book of poetry extremely full and fresh in range of subject and in manner. The Balkan songs are extraordinarily clever exercises in the spirit of the wild mountain folk, the Babylonish set equally convincingly Assyrian, whilst the jewelled imagery of the fantasias is astonishing in its delicate abundance. This is, in short, a collection of true poems of individual exquisiteness.

PLAYS. By W. B. YEATS. Macmillan and Co. 10*s*. 6*d*.

ONE wonders whether the collection of his plays and poems synchronising with Yeats taking up his duties as a Senator indicates a desertion of the prosaic paths of Irish literature for the romantic possibilities of Irish politics. At least it does us the present service of giving all the plays (other than the *Four Plays for Dancers*, *Countess Cathleen*, and *The Land of Heart's Desire*) into one volume. It is unnecessary at this date to comment on his qualities as poetic playwright. When the intelligent theatre in England was devoting itself to a more intense naturalism the Irish school was feeling out for the drama of poetry and imagination. In the best of these plays Yeats achieves this without losing touch with material reality. The plays have their being at the point where mysticism consorts with life. It is that quality which gives Yeats his unique place in Irish literature, synthesising the tragic and comedy elements in Irish character as Synge, James Stephen, or Lady Gregory portrays it and the other worldly elements which we associate with such writers as "A. E." This collected edition will be welcomed by many to whom the Irish Players have made Mr. Yeats' work familiar.

POLITICS.

DECADENT EUROPE. By NITTI. Fisher Unwin. 15*s*.

ONCE more the ex-Minister Nitti comes out with a shattering exposure of the results of the Treaty of Versailles, which all those who want to know the truth should carefully read. It is a splendid sign to find this ex-diplomatist writing like a full man, regardless of the consequences to himself, and one that it is time we emulated. The truth must come out. Now that France is actually forcing Europe into bankruptcy by an insane policy of neo-Napoleonism, this book is extraordinarily timely, and is on the lie of the facts unanswerable. Nitti is the first of the culprit politicians to seek redemption through the truth. He has become a Crusader in the cause of humanity.